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BLACK HOOD

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in 15 minutes - PLAY this CLARINET Harmonet



with this amazing offer! Act at once and get in on this amazing offer. You who have always yearned to play the clarinet will get hours and hours of fun and unusual entertainment out of this CLARINET HARMONET. Get yours now and get the full benefit of the exceptional **FREE OFFER** made for a limited time only. With this sensational offer, you only pay for the CLARINET HARMONET, and we include many other features **FREE**. If you have ever heard the Kings of Jazz, up in front of their bands, playing the hottest and sweetest music in the world on their clarinets—if you have envied the magic of their notes, then this offer is made to help you. Read on and learn all about this offer.

A REAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENT YOU PLAY DURING THE VERY FIRST LESSON!

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The

Black Hood

MAN of MYSTERY



TALE
OF THE
TERRIBLE
TRUNK

HARRY SHORTEN-EDITOR



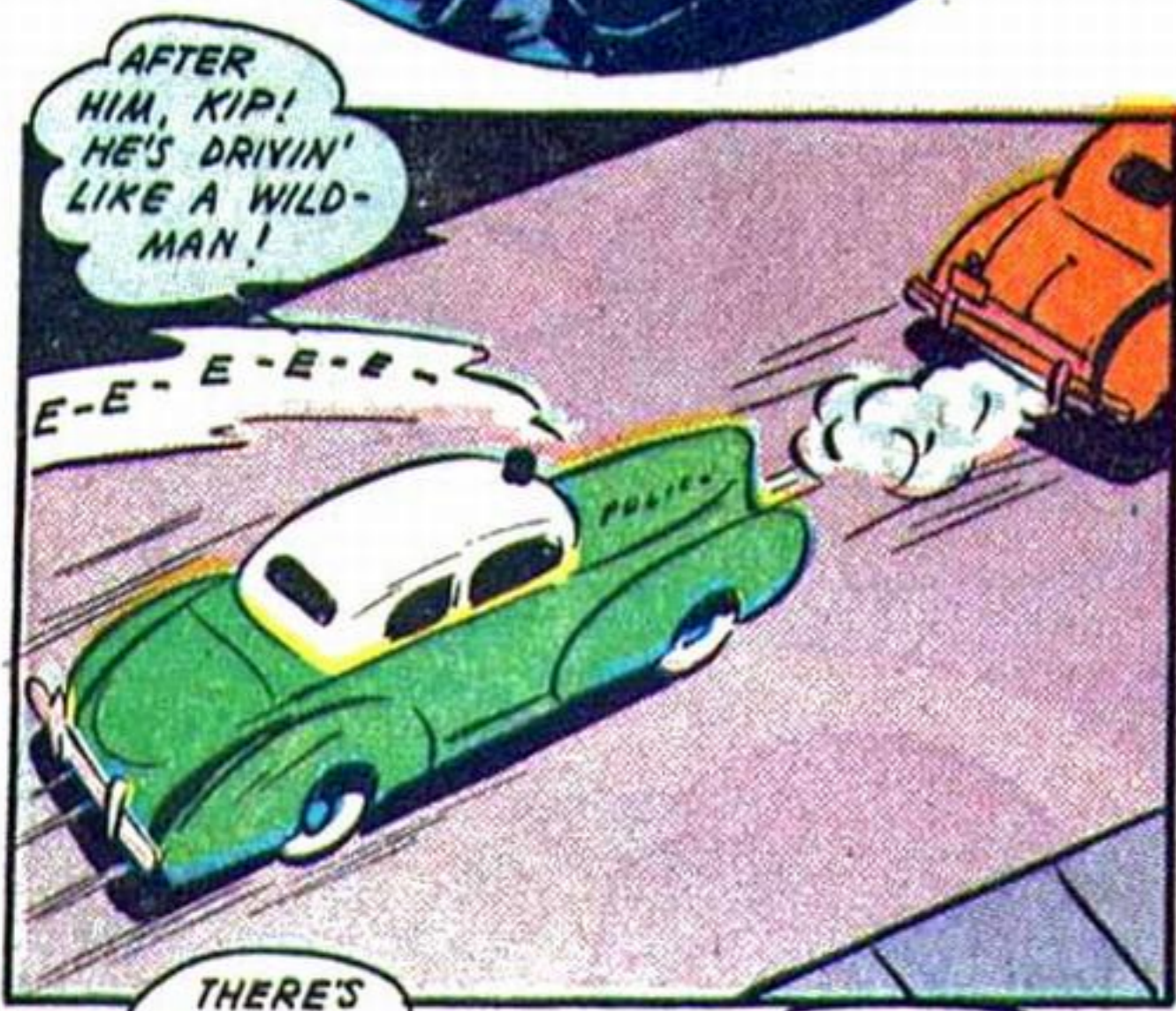
YUP, KIP!
THERE'S ONLY
ONE WAY TO
CATCH A
CROOK!

... I KNOW,
SARGE! WITH
THE END OF A
NIGHTSTICK! BUT
BRAINS HELP TOO!



DAGNABBIT!
WHERE DOES
THAT LUNATIC
THINK HE'S
GOIN' ?

SCREEECH



AFTER
HIM, KIP!
HE'S DRIVIN'
LIKE A WILD-
MAN!

E-E-E-E-E-E



YEEOWW...
JUST MISSED
THAT TROLLEY
CAR!

CLANG
CLANG

LINE



THERE'S
THE CAR,
MCGINTY!

AUCTION



WE'LL JUST
WAIT FOR
THAT SPEED
DEMON.- I'LL
THROW TH'
BOOK AT HIM!

HE SURE
WAS IN AN
AWFUL HURRY
TO GET TO
THIS AUCTION
STORE! WONDER
WHY, ?



HERE
HE COMES
NOW-



OKAY, WISE GUY. LET'S SEE YER LICENSE!

CERTAINLY OFFICER!



WILL YOU PLEASE GIVE ME MY SPEEDING TICKET AND LET ME GO! I'M IN A GREAT HURRY, SERGEANT!



YEAH! MOVE ASIDE, FATTY. THIS TRUNK AIN'T NO FEATHER!

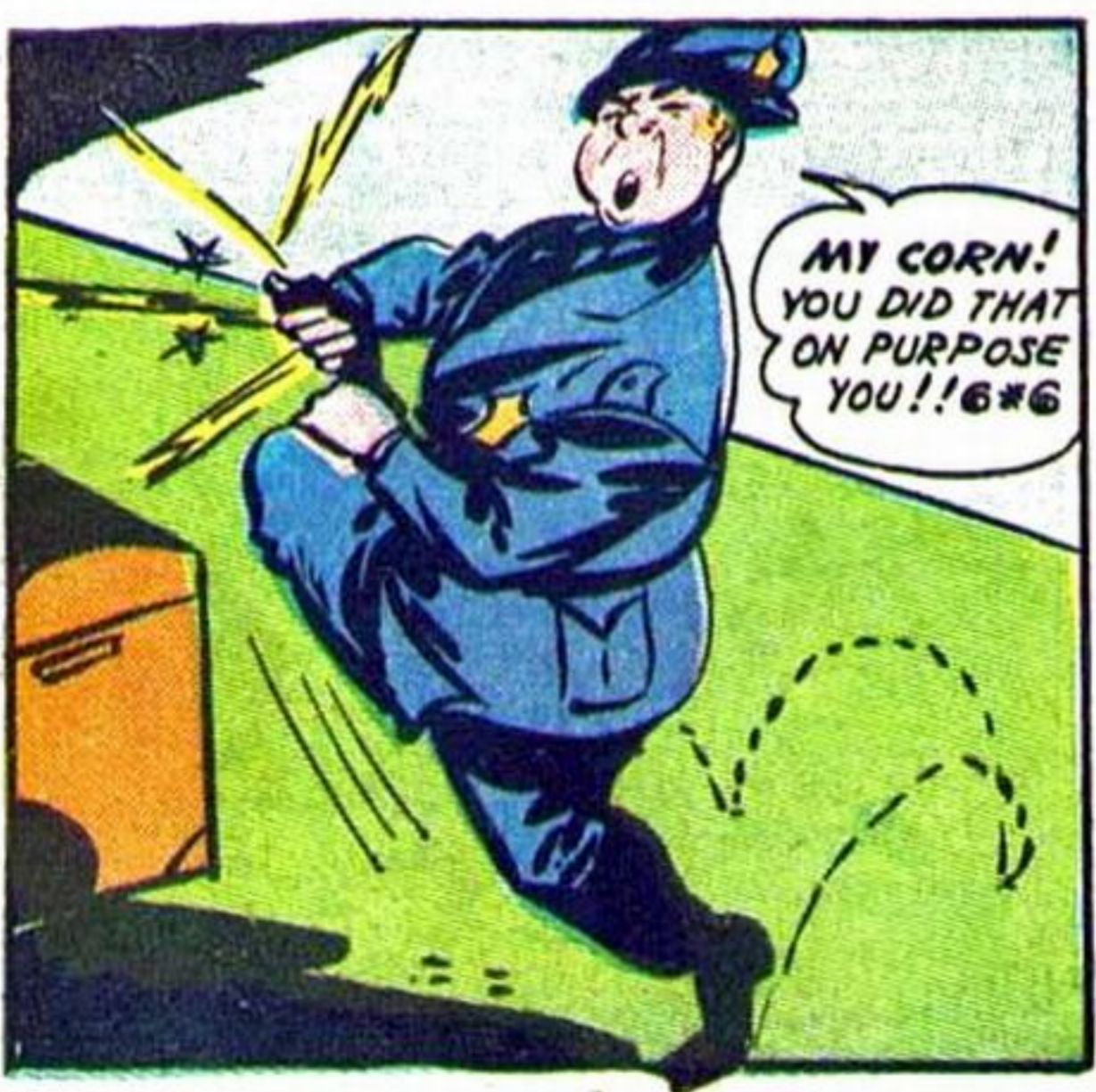


DROP THAT TRUNK LOUD MOUTH. I GOT PLENTY TO TELL THIS GUY!



OWW!

OKAY BY US!



MY CORN! YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE YOU!! 6#6



JUST LET ME GET MY HANDS ON YOU! I'LL TEAR YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!



HERE! LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND WITH THAT TRUNK!

THANKS, OFFICER. I ASSURE YOU I'LL DRIVE A LOT MORE CAREFULLY GOING BACK!



FRANK PRIESTLY, THE MILLIONAIRE, RISKING HIS NECK JUST FOR AN OLD TRUNK AT AN AUCTION! I DON'T GET IT!



I FIXED THOSE GORILLAS! WHERE'S THE SPEED DEMON?

I GAVE HIM THE TICKET, SARGE, AND HE LEFT!



SAY! HOW'D YOU CUT YOUR HAND, KIP?

I DIDN'T KNOW I DID!



HEY! I'VE GOT NO CUT ON MY HAND! WHERE'D THIS BLOOD COME FROM, THEN?



HOLY COW! MAYBE...

MAYBE WHAT, KIP?



I WANT TO ASK THAT AUCTIONEER A FEW QUESTIONS, SARGE!

SAY! WHAT'S GOT INTO YE!



I'M VERY CURIOUS ABOUT THAT TRUNK FRANK PRIESTLY BOUGHT!

OH! SO THE DETECTIVE BUGS BIT YOU AGAIN! BOY, YOU'RE THE LIMIT!



YOU'RE THE AUCTIONEER WHO SOLD A TRUNK TO MR. PRIESTLY, AREN'T YOU?

SURE! SO WHAT?



WHO DID THAT TRUNK BELONG TO? AND WHAT WAS IN IT?

IT BELONGED TO A MR. JOHN BAILEY. I DON'T KNOW WHAT WAS IN IT 'CAUSE PRIESTLY INSISTED ON BUYIN' IT CONTENTS UNSEEN!



AND WHO AM I TO ARGUE WITH A GUY WHO'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO BID \$5000 FOR AN OLD CRUMMY TRUNK!



\$5000 FOR THAT TRUNK! HMM... QUEER, HUH SARGE!

SO WHAT! IF YE WENT AROUND ARRESTIN' EVERYBODY WHO ACTED QUEER, THERE WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH JAILS!



KIP! YE CAN'T MAKE PRIESTLY SHOW YE HIS TRUNK WITHOUT A SEARCH WARRANT!

I KNOW THAT SARGE. BUT MAYBE PRIESTLY DDESN'T!



WELL, GOOD EVENING GENTLEMEN!

HELLO, MR. PRIESTLY!

THAT TRUNK YOU BOUGHT AT THE AUCTIONEERS! WE WANT TO SEE WHAT'S IN IT!

THAT'S A STRANGE REQUEST! I DON'T HAVE TO SHOW IT TO YOU, YOU KNOW!



BUT I SEE NO HARM IN IT. FOLLOW ME!



THERE IT IS! HELP YOURSELF!



NOTHING BUT A LOT OF JUNK!



OF COURSE! WHAT DID YOU THINK!

NOW ARE YOU SATISFIED, SMART GUY!

I'LL BE..



THEN HOW DID I GET THIS BLOOD ON MY HAND?

OH THAT! I CUT MYSELF LIFTING THAT TRUNK. THEN WHEN I SHOOK YOUR HAND, I MUST HAVE SMEARED YOU WITH MY BLOOD!



MEANWHILE, KIP BURLAND DOES A STRANGE THING. STEALTHILY REMOVING THE BADGE HE OPENS THE CLASP, MOVES UP TO PRIESTLY AND JABS THE POINT INTO THE LATTERS HAND...





OUCH!

SOMETHING WRONG?



MAYBE IT'S YOUR STORY YOU GOT STUCK WITH! HA, HA, WELL, SO LONG!



NOW ARE YOU SATISFIED, WISE GUY?



I COULD BE WRONG, I GUESS! S'LONG SARGE! SEE YOU LATER!



HIYA DOC! FIND ANY CROOKS UNDER YOUR MICROSCOPE TODAY?

HELLO, KIP! WHAT'S UP, NOW? YOU GIVE ME MORE WORK THAN THE REST OF THE FORCE PUT TOGETHER!

JUST AS I THOUGHT! THANKS, DOC!



I WANT YOU TO CHECK THE BLOOD ON MY HAND AND ON THE POINT OF THIS PIN!



SEE IF THEY'RE THE SAME TYPE, EH?

THAT'S THE IDEA!



NO KIP! ONE IS ZERO TYPE! THE OTHER IS NUMBER 4!

OUTSIDE

I THINK IT'S TIME FOR THE BLACK HOOD TO PAY MR PRIESTLY A VISIT!



AT THAT MOMENT IN PRIESTLY'S CELLAR, A PECULIAR SCENE IS BEING ENACTED...



AH! HERE'S THE CORPSE!



NOW TO DESTROY THE BODY COMPLETELY AND I'M IN THE CLEAR!



ONLY ONE THING STOPPING YOU, PRIESTLY—THE BLACK HOOD!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, HOOD!



MEDDLER! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FOUND OUT! BUT YOU WON'T TALK!





BUT BEFORE THE AVALANCHE OF COAL HURTLES FROM THE CHUTE, THE HOOD ROLLS DEXTEROUSLY TO ONE SIDE AND...



OOF!

PRIESTLY, HIMSELF IS TOPPLED IN THE PATH OF THE BLACK FLOOD!



HELP!
UGH!

KIP BURLAND!
WHERE'VE YOU
BEEN GALLIVANTIN'
AROUND?

LATER

I HOPE I
WAS ABLE TO
CLOSE UP THAT
CHUTE IN TIME!



HIYA, SARGE!
I BROUGHT
YOU COMPANY!



OUR OLD
FRIEND MR.
PRIESTLY!
REMEMBER
HIM!

OWooo! ARE
YOU STILL AFTER
HIM FER SOME
CRIME YOU
DREAMED UP!



WELL, HERE'S
A DREAM THAT'S
GOING TO DO
SOME TALKING
SARGE! GIVE!



ALL RIGHT! THE GAME'S UP
ANYHOW! IT ALL STARTED YES-
TERDAY IN MY EX-PARTNER,
MR. BAILEY'S HOUSE! WE WERE
QUARRELING VIOLENTLY....



YOU SWINDLED ME OUT OF MY SHARE IN THE BUSINESS, PRIESTLY, AND I'M GOING TO THE POLICE ABOUT IT! I'VE GOT ENOUGH PROOF TO HANG YOU!

BAILEY, YOU'RE A STUPID FOOL! I ONLY TOOK YOU IN AS A PARTNER BECAUSE I NEEDED YOUR MONEY!



BUT NOW THE BUSINESS IS ALL MINE AND IT'S GOING TO STAY THAT WAY!

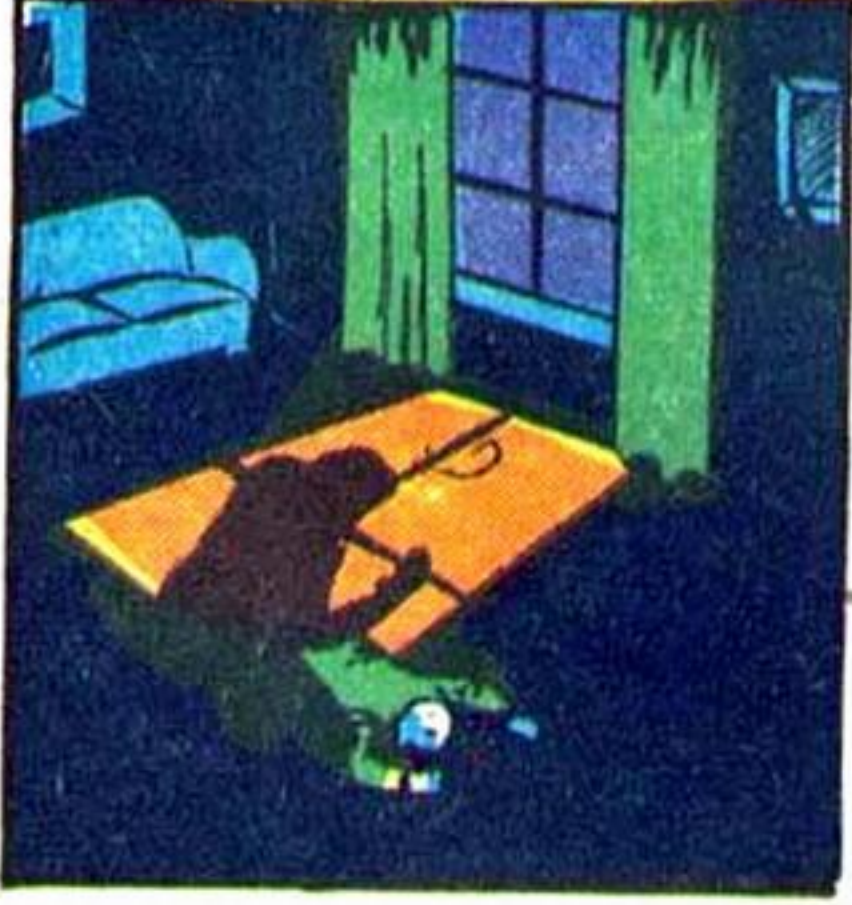
PRIESTLY! DON'T.... UGH!



I HIT HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN. WHEN I WAS SURE HE WAS DEAD, I DECIDED TO RIFLE THROUGH HIS ROOM AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A BURGLARY.

THEN I HEARD FOOTSTEPS. I BECAME PANIC. I LOOKED FOR A PLACE TO HIDE THE BODY. I SIGHTED BAILEY'S TRUNK...

I FIGURED I'D COME BACK WHEN THE COAST WAS CLEAR AND REMOVE THE TRUNK. BUT THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED! BAILEY WAS BANKRUPT - AND HIS BELONGINGS WERE TAKEN AWAY TO BE AUCTIONED THE VERY NEXT DAY!



THAT'S THAT, SARGE.. ER.. WHAT WAS THAT YOU WERE SAYING ABOUT MY DUMB DETECTIVE THEORIES!



THE BLACK HOOD PUZZLE PAGE

JOE CLAPP.. NIGHT CLUB SINGER.. WAS MURDERED AT THE MICROPHONE.. ELECTROCUTED!! THIS IS A PHOTO TAKEN A MOMENT BEFORE CLAPP WAS ELECTROCUTED!! THE MAN ON THE LEFT IS BRONSON.. PART OWNER OF THE CLUB.. HE WAS BEING BLACKMAILED BY CLAPP... THE MAN ON THE RIGHT IS AL CLAPP... JOE'S BROTHER... JOE MARRIED AL'S FIANCEE AND THEY HAVE NEVER SPOKEN TO EACH OTHER SINCE... THE POLICE ARE HOLDING THEM BOTH ON SUSPICION.. WHO IS THE MURDERER ???



THE BLACK HOOD KNOWS!!! DO YOU??? JUST HOLD THIS PAGE BEFORE A MIRROR AND KNOW THE MURDERER!

JOE CLAPP WAS ELECTROCUTED BY AN ELECTRIC CURRENT WHICH AL CLAPP HAD RIGGED UP BY AN EXTRA WIRE LEADING TO THE WALL PLUG NEXT TO HIS TABLE... WITH THE BLACK HOOD'S AID THE POLICE CONVICTED BOTH PARTNERS OF CONSPIRING TO MURDER JOE CLAPP BECAUSE HE WAS TAKING OVER OWNERSHIP OF THE NIGHT CLUB THROUGH MONEY HE HAD LENT THEM AND WHICH THEY COULDN'T REPAY!!

The **BLACK HOOD**

MAN
of
MYSTERY

WHAT ARE CROOKS LIKE? THEY'RE EASY TO DESCRIBE... TOUGH AND VILLAINOUS AND LOW-BROWED... NO REGARD FOR THE FINER THINGS OF LIFE! BUT THE **CRIME BARON** WAS DIFFERENT! SOFTSPOKEN, GENTLE, CHIVALROUS WERE THE WORDS TO DESCRIBE HIM. BUT THE **BLACK HOOD** NEEDED MORE THAN WORDS TO MEET THE MENACE OF THE EXTRAORDINARY CRIMINAL WHO BECAME KNOWN, NOT WITHOUT JUSTICE, AS "**THE NOBLEMAN OF CRIME!**"



By **CLAYTON**
& **FRANK**

OVERLOOKING A WIDE AND PEACEFUL COUNTRYSIDE IS THE PALATIAL ESTATE OF THE REFUGEE BARON HERVITZ, AN EXILE FROM HIS MOTHER COUNTRY -



AND HERE OUR STORY BEGINS -



YOU CAN'T PAY THE MORTGAGE! SO THE BANK WILL TAKE POSSESSION OF YOUR ESTATE!

ONLY THIS HOUSE REMAINS OF MY FORTUNE! I WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO KEEP IT!

YOU HAVE ONE WEEK TO RAISE THE MONEY! I WISH YOU LUCK!

ONE WEEK! I COULD NOT RAISE THE MONEY IN A YEAR! WHAT SHALL I DO?



HMM! A LIFE OF CRIME IS NO WORSE THAN POVERTY! MY ANCESTORS COLLECTED TRIBUTE FROM THE PEOPLE! IN MY OWN WAY, WHY CAN'T I DO THE SAME?



IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS, A STRANGE GROUP OF MEN FIND A HOME AT BARON HERVITZ' CASTLE -

NOW BEFORE WE PROCEED FURTHER, WE MUST FIND A SUITABLE TITLE FOR YOU!

I ALMOST GOT A TITLE ONCE IT! ONLY JOE LOUIS HIT ME WITH A RIGHT HAND AND....



I DON'T MEAN THAT KIND OF A TITLE! NATURALLY A MAN OF MY SOCIAL POSITION MUST HAVE FRIENDS OF AN EQUAL STATION IN LIFE! ... SO YOU WILL BECOME NOBLEMEN!



HENCEFORTH, YOU SHALL BE KNOWN AS THE DUKE OF FELONEE!

GEE, TANKS! YOU'RE ANWFUL GOOD TO ME!



AND YOU WILL BE THE COUNT OF KLEPTOMANIA!

GOSH! ME MOTHER WOULD'VE BEEN PROUD O' ME!



THE EDUCATION OF "CRIME BARON'S" NOBLEMEN BEGAN AT ONCE!

NO! NO! YOU SHOULD NEVER BE HEARD EATING SOUP!

OKAY, BARON!.. BUT HOW'LL DEY KNOW I'M ENJOVIN' MESELF?



CORRECT! YOU SHOULD BOW FROM THE WAIST AND KISS A LADY'S HAND!

IF I DONE THIS TO MAMIE, SHE'LL CROWN ME WIT' A BRICK!



CLOTHES (ON CREDIT, OF COURSE) ARE A PART OF EVERY NOBLEMAN'S WARDROBE....

BE CERTAIN THAT MY FRIEND, THE DUKE, GETS EVERYTHING HE WANTS!



BUT OF COURSE, MONSIEUR LE BARON!

WHILE OUTSIDE, A PUZZLED KIP BURLAND WATCHES -

CLOTHES

I COULD SWEAR THAT WAS MUGGER MALONE IN THERE! WHAT'S HE DOING IN A SWANK STORE LIKE THIS?



AFTER MUGGER MALONE DEPARTS, KIP BURLAND MAKES INQUIRIES—

YOU ARE MISTAKEN! THAT MAN WAS THE DUKE OF FELONEE! HE IS A PERSONAL FRIEND OF BARON HERVITZ!

YOU DON'T SAY!



I'D STAKE MY LIFE HE WAS MUGGER MALONE! THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY ABOUT THIS! I'D BETTER LOOK INTO IT!



BUT THAT NIGHT THE CRIME BARON STRIKES!

I APOLOGIZE FOR THIS INTRUSION! WE HAVE COME FOR YOUR NECKLACE!

OHH! JERVIS, CALL THE POLICE!



YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

SURE! FIRST I WRAP UP DIS BLACKJACK IN SILK, SO'S NOT TO CAUSE ANY UGLY LOOKIN' MARKS!

THEN I GIVES IT TO HIM! ONLY IT AIN'T CRUDE AND COMMON DIS WAY! DIS IS GOOD MANNERS!



A MOMENT LATER

I'VE GOT THE NECKLACE!

HEY, BARON! DE DAME FAINTED!



WHAT'LL WE DO?

THE FIRST CODE OF A NOBLEMAN IS CHIVALRY! BRING ME SOME SMELLING SALTS!





W-WHERE AM I?

SAFE IN YOUR OWN HOME! I AM TRULY SORRY TO HAVE CAUSED YOU THIS INCONVENIENCE!



THIS GAG IS MADE OF VELVET AND WILL NOT BRUISE YOUR MOUTH!

DESE ROPES ARE VELVET TOO! NOTHIN' BUT THE BEST FOR WOMEN! DATS OUR MOTTO!



AU REVOIR, MADAME! I SHALL CALL THE POLICE AS SOON AS WE ARE SAFELY AWAY! THEY WILL RELEASE YOU!



BOY! DIS CHIVALRY ANGLE PAYS OFF BIG, EH BARON?

NATURALLY! A NOBLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL IS WELCOME IN OUR BEST HOMES—SO HE CAN LEARN THEIR MOST VALUABLE...ER... SECRETS!



BUT THE CRIME BARON DOES NOT GO UNSEEN—

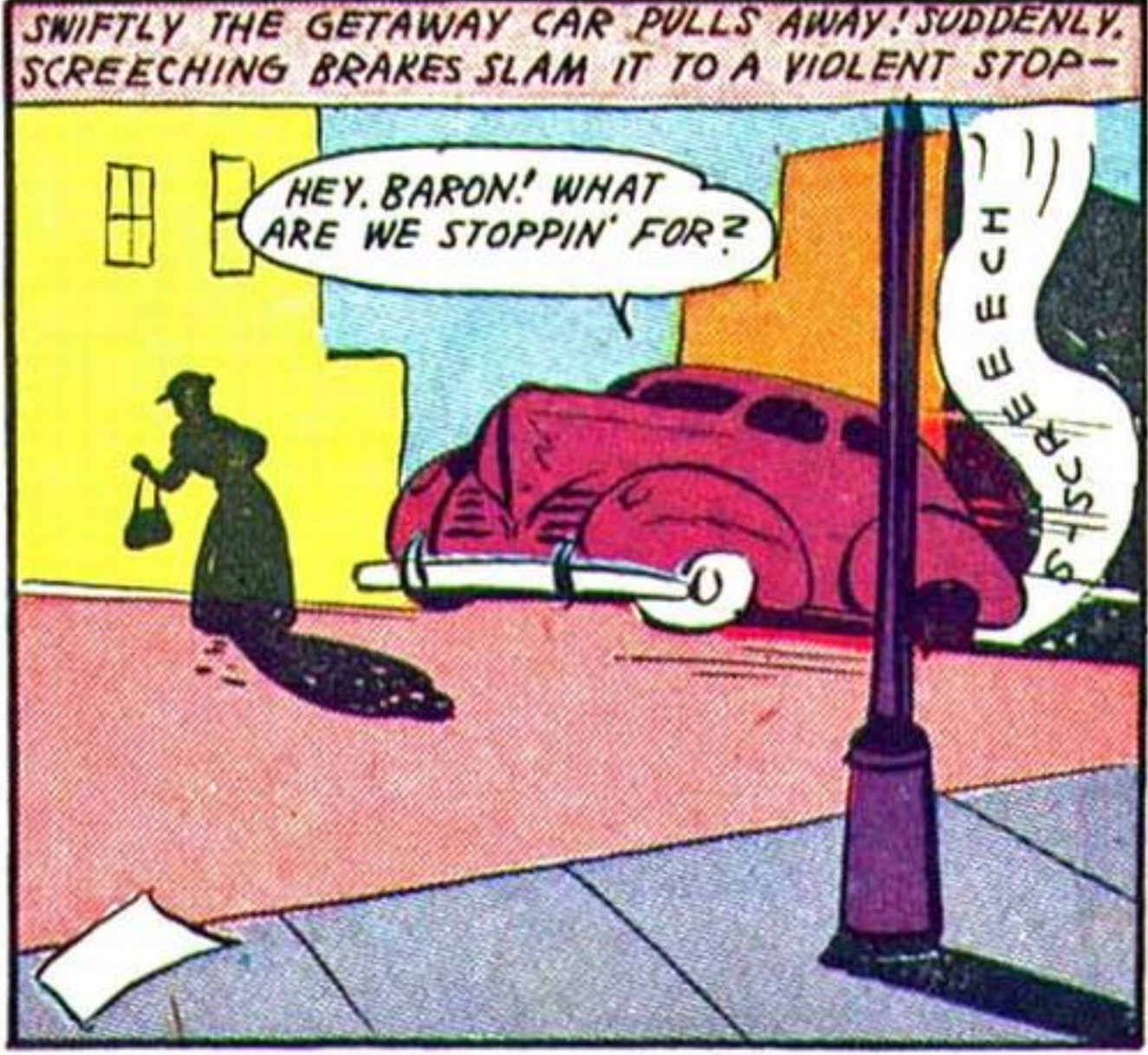
NOW I'M SURE THAT'S MUGGER MALONE! WHO'S THE MAN WITH HIM?



BUT HE'S GOT THE RICHBILT NECKLACE!



HEY BARON! LOOK!



THE DELAY GIVES KIP BURLAND A CHANCE TO CHANGE INTO THE BLACK HOOD! SPLIT SECONDS LATER—





THERE YOU GO!
RUNNING INTO DOORS
AGAIN!



NOW I'LL TROUBLE
YOU FOR THAT
NECKLACE!

TSK-TSK!
SUCH CRUDE
MANNERS!



SINCE YOU WANT
IT, HERE IT IS!

SLAP



AND HERE'S
SOMETHING TO
GO WITH IT!

OOF!



I GOT
HIM!



WHAT'LL
WE DO
WITH HIM,
BARON?

TAKE HIM WITH
US! HE MUST
PAY THE PENALTY
FOR HAVING
STRUCK A
NOBLEMAN!

SOMETIME LATER, IN THE DUNGEON OF BARON HERVITZ CASTLE —

I HOPE YOU ENJOY YOUR SURROUNDINGS. I ADMIT THIS IS NOT A VERY PLEASANT SPOT TO FACE ... DEATH!



WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?

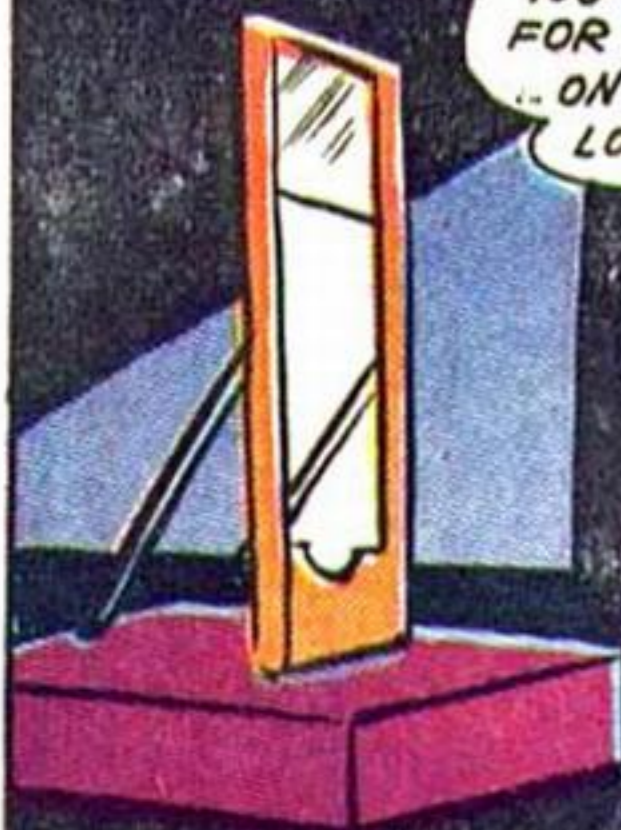
PUNISH YOU! IN MY COUNTRY, A PEASANT WHO DISPLEASES HIS NOBLE MASTER IS EXECUTED!



AS A NOBLEMAN, I CANNOT KILL YOU MYSELF! SO I HAVE BEEN FORCED TO MAKE OTHER ARRANGEMENTS!

YOU WILL PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES ... ON THE GUILLOTINE!

THIS IS THE TRADITIONAL METHOD FOR DISPOSING OF ONE'S ENEMIES! I'M SORRY I CAN'T PROVIDE AN EXECUTIONER...



WHEN THE CANDLE BURNS DOWN, THE FLAME WILL CUT THROUGH THE ROPE! AND THE BLADE WILL FALL! ... AN INGENUOUS DEVICE, ISN'T IT?

NOW MY FELLOW NOBLEMEN AND I HAVE ANOTHER APPOINTMENT! COLLECTING FUNDS FOR THE RELIEF OF MY SUFFERING COUNTRYMEN! .. I'M SURE YOU WILL EXCUSE US!





THE CRIME BARON SAID HE WAS COLLECTING FUNDS FOR HIS COUNTRYMEN! THE UNITED WAR FUND IS DONATING ITS RELIEF MONEY TONIGHT! THAT'S MORE THAN A COINCIDENCE!



I'VE GOT A BIT OF UNFINISHED BUSINESS WITH THE CRIME BARON!



AT THIS MOMENT, THE CRIME BARON DRINKS A TOAST WITH THE DELEGATES FROM HIS COUNTRY TO THE WAR FUND-

TO OUR HOME-LAND'S GLORIOUS FUTURE!

WE'LL DRINK TO THAT, BARON!



WE DIDN'T EXPECT TO MEET YOU, BARON HERVITZ! YOU SEE....

I... I FEEL FUNNY.... THAT WINE!....



I DRUGGED THAT WINE GENTLEMEN! YOU WILL SLEEP PLEASANTLY FOR A LITTLE WHILE!



DEFT FINGERS PERFORM A MIRACLE OF MAKEUP-

YOU'RE A GENIUS, BARON!

NO ONE WILL SEE THROUGH THIS DISGUISE!



NOW LET US GO TO THE BANQUET HALL!

I COULDN'T TELL YOU FROM THE REAL THING, BARON!



SO, A SHORT HALF HOUR LATER, THE "DELEGATES" ENTER THE BANQUET HALL-



THE DELEGATION FROM SYLVANIA!

WE ARE PROUD TO DONATE THIS MONEY TO YOUR VALOROUS PEOPLE! I KNOW THAT YOU WILL PUT IT TO GOOD USE!

AH, THANK YOU! I PROMISE YOU MY...ER...PEOPLE WILL PUT IT TO VERY GOOD USE!



JEEZ! IT WORKED LIKE A CHARM! NOBODY EVEN SUSPECTED US!



COME ON! BEFORE THEY LEARN THE TRUTH!

JUST BEFORE THE CRIME BARON DEPARTS...



I..I WONDER IF YOU WOULD MIND HAVING THIS DANCE WITH ME!

IT WOULD BE AN HONOR!

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DANCE WITH A REAL CELEBRITY!

THE CRIME BARON'S GONE CRAZY! WE OUGHTA LAM OUT OF HERE!



DON'T WORRY! NOTHING CAN HAPPEN!



OH, NO? DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE?



THE BLACK HOOD!



SORRY, BOYS,
BUT I'M COMING
THROUGH!

Oooooff



I FEAR I HAVE OVERSTAYED
MY LEAVE! FAREWELL, MY
LADY! I WILL NEVER FORGET
THIS DANCE!



I'LL BET
YOU
WON'T!



YOU WON'T
FORGET THIS
WALLOP
EITHER!



WHAT'S
THE MEAN-
ING OF
THIS?

THESE MEN ARE
FRAUDS! THEY
ARE TRYING TO
STEAL THE RELIEF
MONEY BY MASQUER-
ADING AS THE REAL
SYLVANIAN DELEGATION!

NEXT DAY AT PRECINCT 71

THE CRIME BARON IS
SAFELY BEHIND BARS, KIP!
WE WON'T BE HEARING
FROM HIM
ANYMORE!



I WONDER? WE'D NEVER
HAVE CAUGHT HIM IF HE HADN'T
BEEN SUCH A
CHIVALROUS
CUSS!



SAY! YOU'RE RIGHT! NOW
MAYBE IF WE COULD
FIND OUT THE BLACK
HOOD'S WEAKNESS,
WE'D GET HIM BEHIND
BARS TOO!

YOU'VE GOT
SOMETHING
THERE, McGINTY!

END.

CRIME IS ALWAYS CARELESS

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by Roger Conway

AS PREYSING, Engineer for the Gottman Construction Works rose to his feet with a shrill scream, convulsively clutching at his throat, Kip Burland set his glass on the small end table beside the couch and sprang nimbly.

He caught Preysing before he'd fallen to the richly colored carpet.

"There's nothing that can be done," he announced after a short examination to the circle of guests who had risen and now stood horrified before the prone body. "He's dead."

Dr. Von Barheim, the prominent dentist, touched Burland on the shoulder as he knelt by the body.

"Heart?"

"I'm not the coroner," replied Kip acidly, "and if you mean simple heart failure, I'd say no."

"Any murder can be called *stoppage of breathing*," replied Von Barheim sarcastically.

"Poor Mr. Preysing," murmured Barbara. She was holding tightly to Mrs. Barlow their hostess who was trembling visibly.

"Why poor?" asked Kip. "As Chief Engineer . . ."

"I don't mean money. He's had so much sickness lately."

The inquest, held a few hours later, established a verdict of suicide, due to the recent background of illness experienced by the corpse.

"Suicides usually don't die without leaving notes," said Kip to Barbara as they left. "It's simply not human nature."

"I can see this isn't the end

of the case," smiled Barbara.

Burland went over Preysing's papers the next day. One fact alone stood out from the others. Preysing had plunged heavily in the buying of industrial diamonds. Kip mused a while on this and whistled sharply as a subsequent fact made its appearance.

The office of Dr. Von Barheim was usually dark after nine o'clock at night as the wealthy doctor had short evening hours. At half past nine a window in the surgery was raised and a stealthy figure, hooded and cloaked emerged into the blackness, walked rapidly to a door connecting the surgery with the study and opened it noiselessly.

Sharp eyes saw Dr. Von Barheim rise from a deep chair, go to a wall safe and open it. Then across the space that separated the hooded figure and the doctor floated a soft chuckle. Von Barheim lifted a large white box from the safe and opened it. He fished around in its interior, lifted out some small objects and looked at them fondly.

"Little weapons of victory. You are small, but soon your voices shall be heard in London, Moscow and New York."

"Good evening, Herr Von Barheim," the tall hidden figure flung back the door and stepped into the study. "For a murderer you have an easy conscience."

"The Black Hood!" gasped the doctor, his eyes narrowed. "Murderer? What do you mean?"

"Not only a murderer," grated the Hood, "but also an

agent of Fascist Germany. An agent sent to secure industrial diamonds for the failing German war industries. You located Preysing, who was of German descent, blackmailed him into buying them for you, then invented a clever means of transporting the diamonds back to Germany. For a dentist it was easy—drilling out teeth, hiding the diamonds in them and sending your agents to Berlin, incalculable wealth in military might concealed in their teeth. Desperate measures, Herr Von Barheim, as desperate as Germany's cause. But Preysing tried to double-cross you. He wanted America to win. You knew he'd been ill for a long time. Suddenly changing your attitude you offered to fix his teeth, knowing that it was necessary to do away with him before he informed the FBI. You packed cyanide in one of his decayed molars and put in a filling loose enough to allow the poison to slowly escape without the filling falling out and thus betraying the method of murder. You thought you were clever, Von Barheim, but you were not clever. You were simply a stupid Nazi and forgot to destroy Preysing's papers. Even now the police are on their way here."

A siren wailed in the street far below.

With incredible swiftness the German whirled, dashed for the nearest window and crashed through it. A terrible scream split the air, then died away.

The Black Hood did not bother to look out the window. A fall of twenty stories will kill any man.

The police verified that.

THE MAN WITH THE CROOKED SMILE

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by GERALD KEAN

A RED-FACED man with a crooked smile crossed the street anxiously, every now and then looking cautiously behind him. But he was too intent upon his purpose to see the swiftly moving shadows behind him, shadows which camouflaged the identity of that nemesis of the night, THE BLACK HOOD. The man with the crooked smile rang the doorbell at Number 17 Hemo Street. After a moment he could hear the footsteps of a heavy person clad in carpet-slippers thumping nearer and nearer. Finally, a squeak as the door was unlatched . . . slowly it swung open.

"I'd like to rent a room," said the man to the fat housekeeper who stood in the doorway. "But it must be on the west side of the house . . . it must!"

"Follow me," was the reply. The woman waddled back into the darkness, her new boarder at her heels.

That night, the man with the crooked smile had visitors. They spoke in hushed whispers as they puffed at their cigarettes in a room thick with curling smoke.

"What's the angle, Smiley?"

The man with the crooked smile crushed the blue smoke out of his butt with a brown-stained thumb.

"We begin tonight, boys. I got everyt'ing we need in my suitcase. De bank vault is right against dis wall here. Inna coupla hours we oughta get right thru

it. Swipe everyt'ing in sight, cement up de wall, and we got a whole week-end to make a get-away. I wanna be outa here by morning. I on'y paid for one night's rent!"

"Always jokin'," said one of the thugs, "what a character!"

Smiley's smile suddenly became a creased look of warning.

"Shuddup, you mugs, and get busy!"

At the same moment the Chief of Police leaned his large feet on several steel boxes and surveyed the BLACK HOOD.

"If you're right, Hood, we'll be sitting in on the end of the craftiest safe-slicer in the states. But if you're wrong, it'll mean my job."

"Don't worry, Chief—in ten minutes my prophecy will be an actuality!"

Silently the pair waited, and soon a faint hammering was heard. Gradually the plaster began to chip off the wall, and minutes later the sharp edge of a chisel cut through the wall.

"Come on, mugs, an' hurry up," said Smiley, the first to step through the opening in the wall. Suddenly he froze in his tracks. "De Black Hood! How did he get here?" In the twisting of two seconds Smiley made up his mind and dove through the jagged hole. But the Black Hood was too quick for him. Like a bolt of lightning, the latter's massive body smashed

after the criminal. Inside the room at Number 17, the mobster crouched in fear behind the cool, nerveless Smiley, nerveless because in his hands he held a powerful tommy-gun.

"I don't like visitors who aren't announced," he said icily. "Dat's why I got dis hardware pointed atcher chest."

The Black Hood sprung like an uncoiled cobra at the trigger man. Smiley let him have it. Bullets whizzed out of the gun imbedding themselves in the Black Hood's arms, his chest, his shoulders. But the Hood bit his lip till they bled to keep from collapsing under the pain. With powerful fists he bashed right and left until Smiley and his lieutenants were left whimpering on the floor.

Later, as his wounds were being dressed, reporters crowded round. Never before had they been able to interview the Black Hood. Not had he ever been wounded so severely before. What a story it would make!

"How about giving us the low down, Hood . . . ?"

"The Chief of Police ought to take all the credit," said the Hood modestly. "I just happened to mention to him how extraordinary it was that a well-known criminal like Smiley, with lots of money, preferred to live in the business district next to a bank!"

A grin crossed the Black Hood's face, a grin quite unlike that of the man with the crooked smile.

ROY
and
DUSTY
in

BOY BUDDIES



GEE... YOU CAN'T
SEE A THING IN
THIS BLACKOUT...
OOPS.. SORRY
MA'M!

NOBODY CAN
SEE US EITHER..
THAT'LL KEEP US
OUT OF TROUBLE



Wm. Vigoda



THERE'S A GOOD SHOW AT THE BIJOU.. WE'D BETTER HURRY IF WE WANT TO BEAT THE BLACKOUT



THAT FELLOW UP THERE HAD BETTER GET READY OR ELSE HE'LL FIND HIMSELF CAUGHT AT THE WINDOW WITH HIS LIGHTS ON!



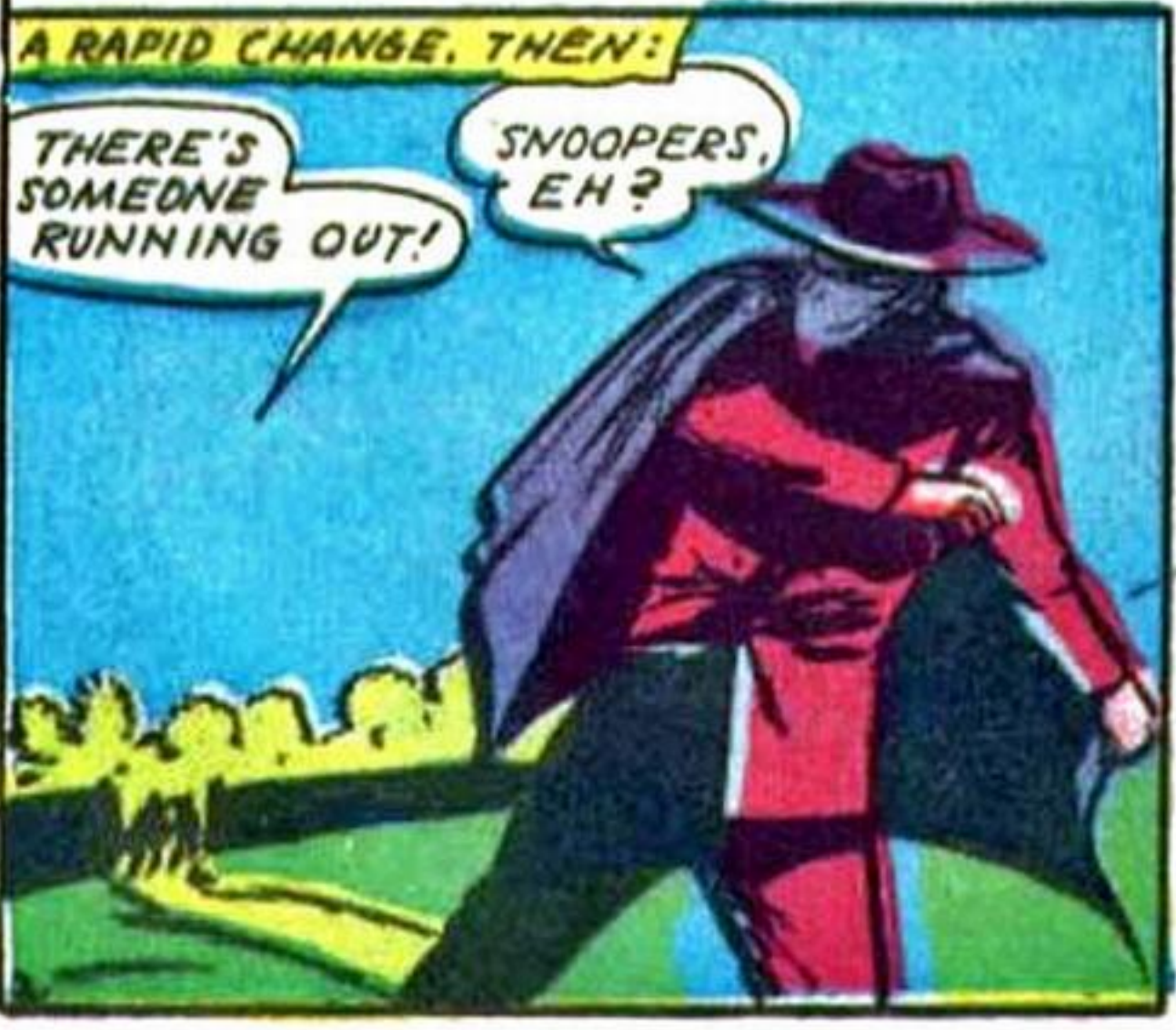
YOU'VE GOT TO BE AFTER THOSE PEOPLE ALL THE TIME.. VERY CARELESS!

YOU SAID IT!



THAT WAS A SCREAM COMING FROM THAT HOUSE!

IT LOOKS LIKE THE BOY BUDDIES HAD BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!



A RAPID CHANGE, THEN:

THERE'S SOMEONE RUNNING OUT!

SNOOPERS, EH?



WHAT'S THE HURRY.. MISTER!

UGH H!



ACH! YOU MEDDLING FOOLS!



TAKE THAT!



NOW WHERE'S THE OTHER?



RIGHT BEHIND YOU.. DOPE!

OUCH!



WHERE WAS I??



SUDDENLY.. YOU'D BETTER WORRY ABOUT WHERE YOU'RE GOING.. WHAT'S THAT?



IT'S THE BLACKOUT! ALL THE LIGHTS HAVE GONE OUT!



HAHA HA HA HA HE'S GONE! I CAN'T SEE HIM!

HOW ARE YOU, ROY?

I'M OKAY! JUST STUNNED!



LET'S HAVE A LOOK IN HERE!



OH..JOHN! SOB-SOB YOU'RE DEAD! DEAD!

I SUGGEST YOU LIE DOWN A BIT MADAM.. I'LL CALL THE POLICE!

NO..SOB I WANT TO BE NEAR JOHN!



MURDER! MIGHT AS WELL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO BEFORE THE POLICE COME!



W-WHO ARE YOU?



DON'T BE ALARMED MA'M.. WE'RE HERE TO HELP YOU.. JUST TELL US EVERYTHING YOU KNOW!



MY HUSBAND WAS ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON WITH SECRET WAR PLANS.. HE HAD STEPPED IN HERE FOR HIS COAT.. AND WHEN HE DIDN'T COME OUT.. I LOOKED IN AND SAW HIM.. SOB... LIKE THIS... SOB!





WAS THERE ANYONE IN THIS HOUSE, BESIDES THE BUTLER, BEFORE THIS HAPPENED?

WELL.. THERE WAS AN OLD FRIEND OF MY HUSBAND.. PROF. WOLF.. BUT HE WOULD NEVER DO A THING LIKE THIS.. THEY WERE CHILDHOOD FRIENDS! H..HE LEFT EARLY TO AVOID THE BLACKOUT!



HOW ABOUT YOU? WHERE WERE YOU AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER?

M-ME? WHY I WAS IN MY ROOM GETTING READY FOR THE BLACKOUT!



HOW DO WE KNOW YOU'RE TELLING THE TRUTH?

WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO QUESTION ME? YOU'RE ONLY KIDS!



THE SIRENS HERALD THE END OF THE BLACKOUT...

DON'T WORRY MA'M WE'LL FIND YOUR HUSBAND'S MURDERER!



I LOOKED AT THE DEAD MAN'S WATCH.. IT STOPPED AT 8 O'CLOCK.. RIGHT BEFORE THE BLACK-OUT

LET'S SEE WHAT PROF WOLF HAS TO SAY!



THAT'S HIS PLACE ACROSS THE STREET!

SAY.. THIS HOUSE LOOKS FAMILIAR FOR SOME REASON!



ROOM 402 THIS IS IT!



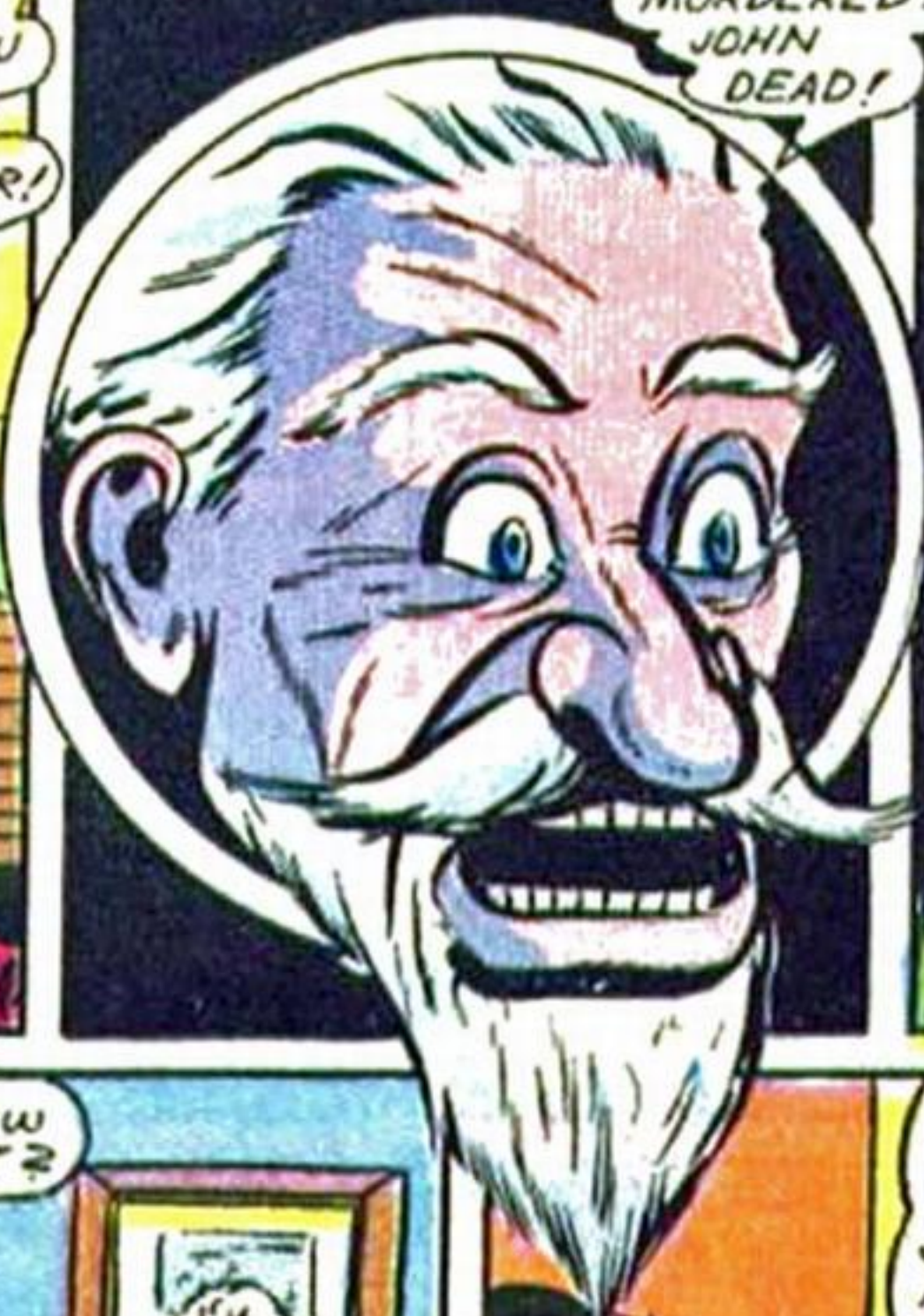
H..HELLO! WHO'S THERE?

DON'T BE ALARMED.. PROF WOLF!

I WOULD JUST LIKE TO KNOW WHERE YOU WERE AT THE TIME OF JOHN STARK'S MURDER!



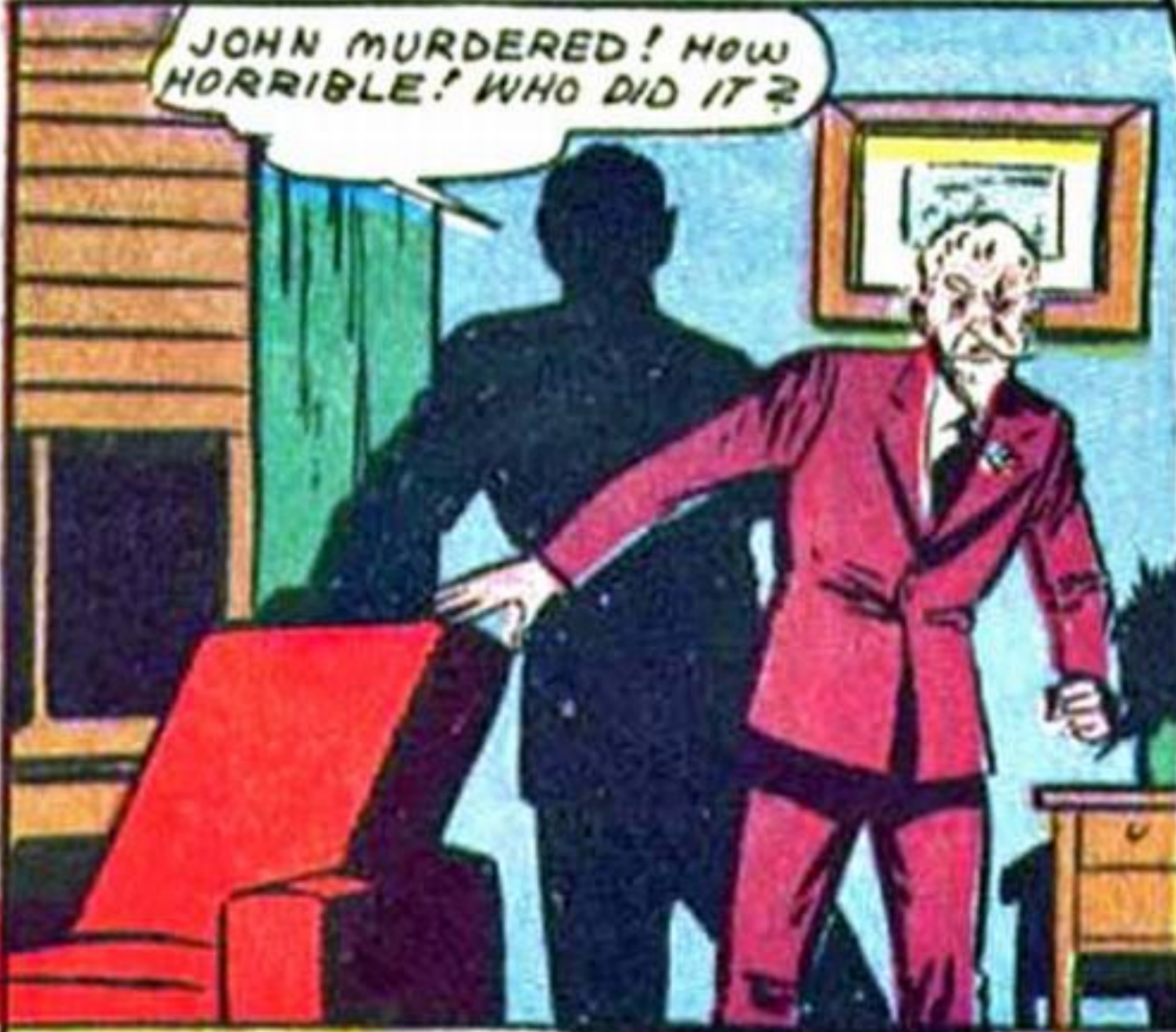
MURDERED! JOHN DEAD!



HE WAS KILLED AT 8 O'CLOCK! YOU WERE AN OLD FRIEND OF HIS WEREN'T YOU?



JOHN MURDERED! HOW HORRIBLE! WHO DID IT?



I'LL HELP IN ANY WAY I CAN TO BRING THE FIEND TO JUSTICE! JOHN WAS MY FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE, SINCE OUR COLLEGE DAYS!



WELL WHOEVER DID THE KILLING DIDN'T ENTIRELY GET WHAT HE WAS AFTER, PROF. THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF THE PLANS IS STILL IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. STARK!



LATER AT THEIR APARTMENT...

WE SEEM TO BE UP AGAINST A STONE WALL... WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

SAY! HOW ABOUT GETTING IN TOUCH WITH THE SHIELD? HE COULD CHECK ON THE BUTLER AND THE PROF. FOR US!





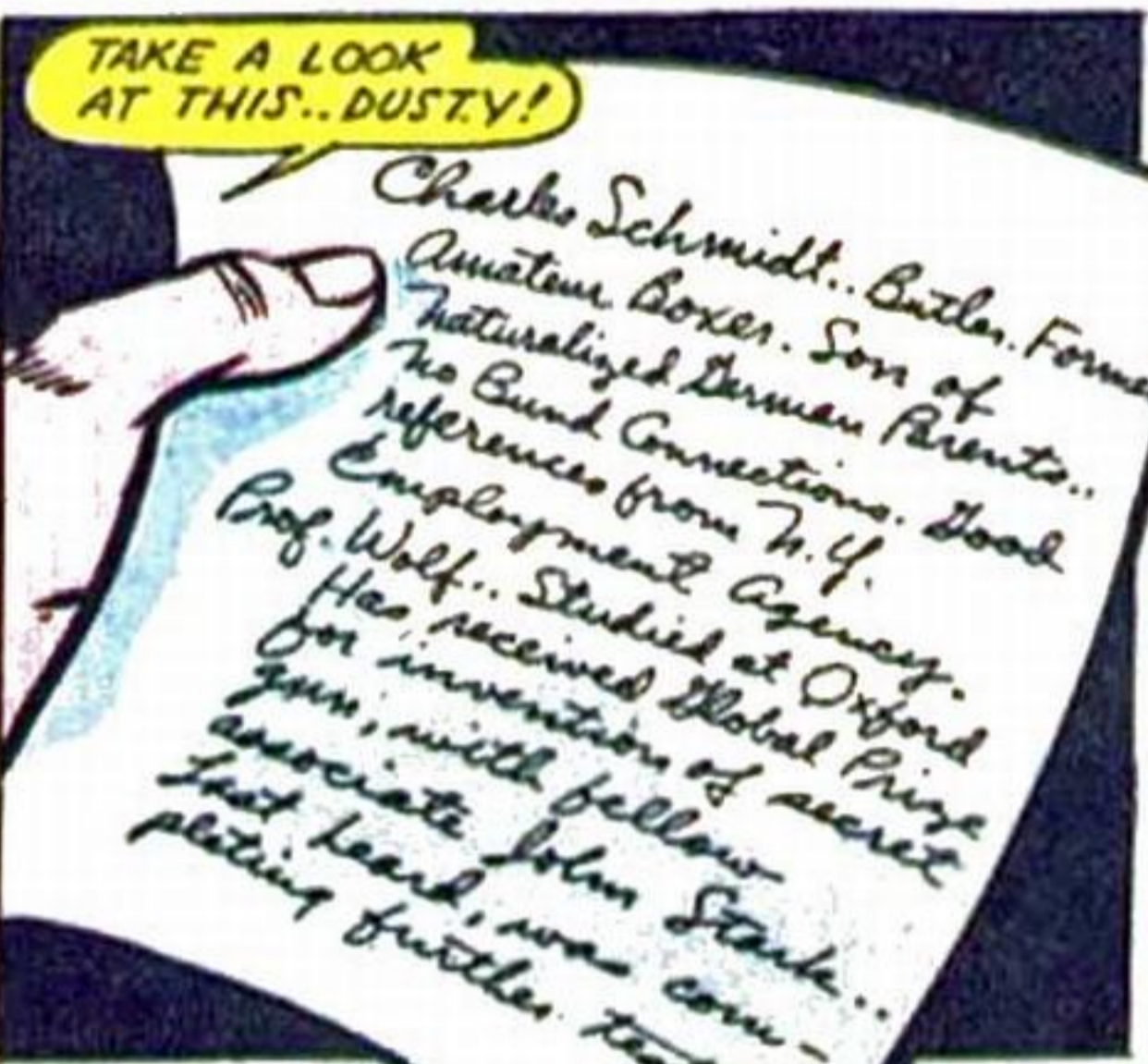
GOOD IDEA, ROY! HELLO SHIELD.. WE'VE GOT A CASE HERE AND WE'D LIKE SOME INFORMATION ON THESE FELLOWS... YEH.. SOON AS POSSIBLE !!



LATER
THAT'S THE SHIELD!
RING



YEH.. I GOT IT.. THAT'S IT.. RIGHT.. ALL DOWN.. THANKS S'LONG!



TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.. DUSTY!

Charles Schmidt.. Butler.. Former Amateur Boxer. Son of Naturalized German Parents.. No Bund Connections. Good references from N.Y. Employment Agency. Prof. Wolf.. Studied at Oxford Has received Nobel Prize for invention of secret gun, with fellow associate John Stark.. Last heard, was communicating further tests...



STUDIED AT OXFORD, EH. BUT MRS. STARK TOLD ME HER HUSBAND WENT TO YALE!



AND THE PROF. TOLD US THEY WERE CLASSMATES. REMEMBER?

RIGHT! WE'LL SEE WHO'S LYING. SOON!



THERE HE IS AT THE WINDOW!

BAM

PROF. WOLF!
HOLY SMOKE!
THIS GUY'S
DEAD!

YES! HE'S BEEN
DEAD FOR SOME
TIME! YOU WOULD
HAVE SEEN HIM,
IN FACT, HAD YOU
LOOKED INTO
THE CLOSET BEFORE!

AM I SEEING
THINGS?
TWINS!...
WHO ARE
YOU?



I GET IT! YOU KILLED THE
PROF. DISGUISED YOURSELF
AS HIM, AND TRIED TO WORM
THE PLANS OUT OF STARK.

PRECISELY! BUT THE FOOL
WAS STUBBORN. I HAD TO
KILL HIM TOO... AS I SHALL
YOU TWO. FIRST THIS TEAR
GAS!

LATER

AS SOON AS I GET
THE REST OF THE
PLANS, I SHALL
RETURN TO FINISH
YOU OFF. AUF
WIEDERSEHEN!



THAT RAT ISN'T AS
CLEVER AS HE THINKS!
WE'LL GET OUT OF
HERE A LOT QUICKER
THAN HE FIGURED ON!

FIRST GET
THIS POKER
RED HOT!

AND THE REST
IS OBVIOUS!

I SEE THE
SAME THING
YOU'RE LOOKING
AT, ROY!





WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE HOUSE BEFORE HE DOES ANY HARM!



C'MON DOGS! GIDDAP!



THE MASQUERADE IS OVER MRS. STARK.. I KILLED YOUR HUSBAND.. NOW GIVE ME THE OTHER HALF OF THE PLANS I TOOK!



YOU TWO GET IN MY HAIR!

BAM

SOCK



ARE YOU SURE THE HAIR IS YOURS? HANS BORCHARDT!



HANS BORCHARDT? SAY, WHO ARE YOU, MR. BUTLER?

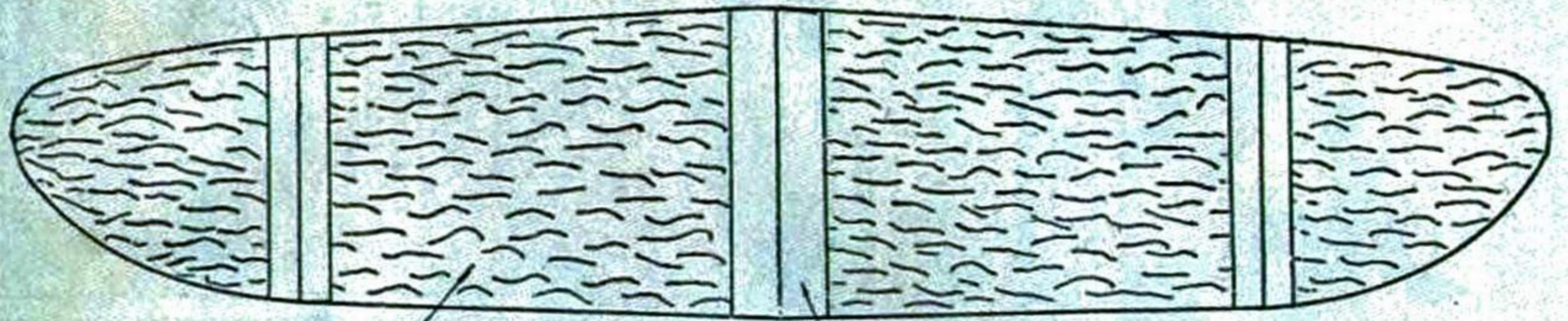


I'M JOE JONES.. SECRET GOVT. OPERATIVE, IMPERSONATING THE REAL BUTLER.. I'VE BEEN WATCHING THIS PHONY! HE'S A NAZI SPY.. KILLED THE REAL PROF. WOLF! HE ALMOST SLIPPED THROUGH MY HANDS, BUT THANKS TO YOU LADS, HIS SPYING DAYS ARE OVER!



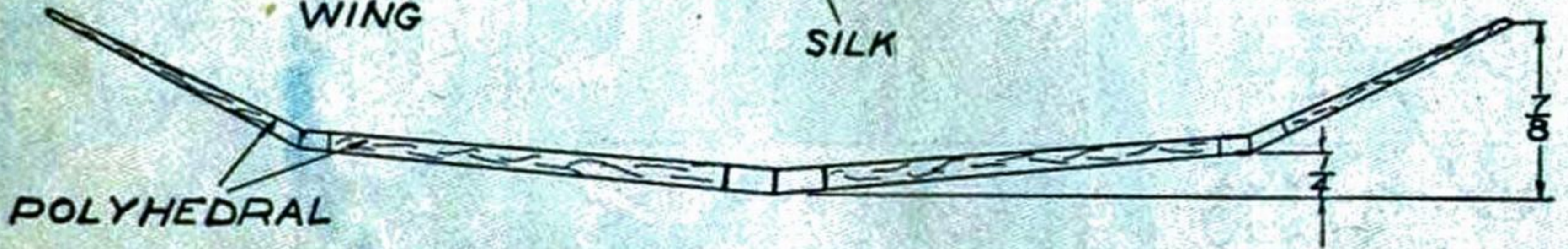
WELL, I GUESS IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE, ROY!

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT PICTURE WE WERE GOING TO SEE!



WING

SILK

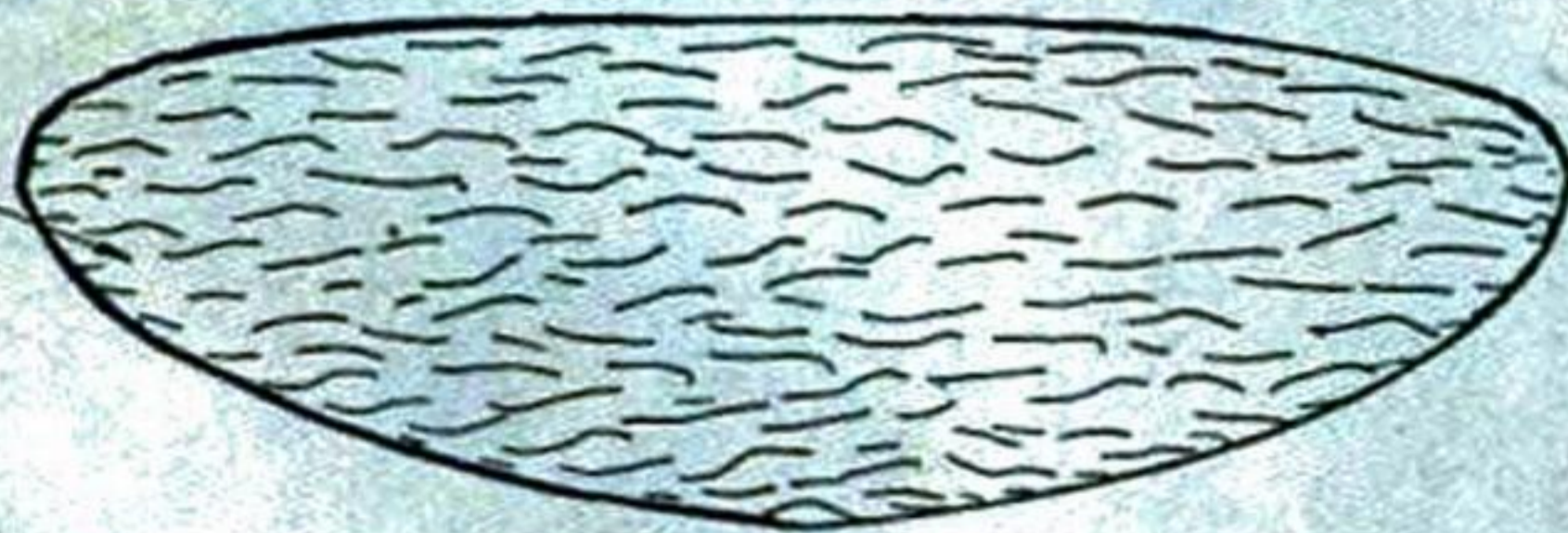


POLYHEDRAL

100

STABILIZER

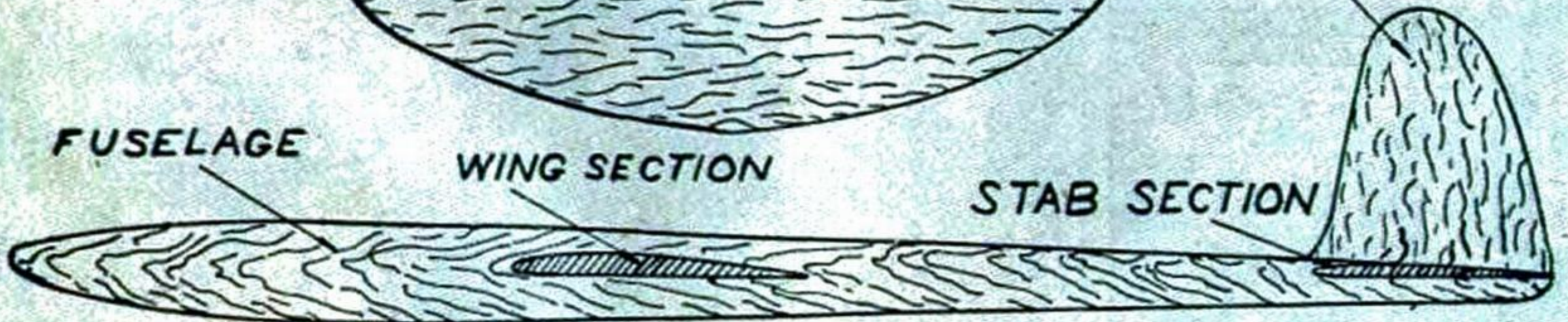
RUDDER



FUSELAGE

WING SECTION

STAB SECTION



INSTRUCTIONS

THE WING IS MADE OF SOFT $\frac{3}{32}$ " Balsa. TRACE THE OUTLINE FROM THE PLANS, SAND EACH PANEL TO AN ACCURATE RIB SECTION, COAT THE BUTT ENDS WITH CEMENT AND ALLOW TO DRY. THE POLYHEDRAL CAN BE MOST EASILY CONSTRUCTED IF EACH JOINT IS DONE INDEPENDENTLY.

AFTER EACH PANEL IS CEMENTED TO THE ADJACENT ONE, FOUR ADDITIONAL COATS OF CEMENT ARE APPLIED WITH THE BRUSH! SILK IS THEN GLUED OVER EACH JOINT, INSURING STRENGTH AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS. BRUSHING THE CEMENT ON FORMS A SMOOTHER SKIN. FOR A SLICK FINISH, APPLY FOUR COATS OF CLEAR DOPE, SANDING AFTER EACH IS DRY, WITH SMOOTH SANDPAPER.

WARP IN A SLIGHT WASH-IN ON THE RIGHT WING, (INCREASE OF ANGLE OF ATTACK NEAR TIP) AND SLIGHT WASH-OUT ON LEFT WING. THE RIGHT WING IS SEEN IN LOOKING FORWARD TOWARD THE NOSE OF THE SHIP FROM THE REAR.

THE STABILIZER IS CUT FROM $\frac{1}{16}$ " SHEET AND FINISHED IN THE SAME MANNER AS THE WING AFTER THE VERY THIN AIRFOIL IS OBTAINED. USING $\frac{1}{16}$ " FLAT FOLLOW SAME PROCEDURE IN MAKING THE RUDDER AS WAS USED IN MAKING THE STABILIZER. THE FUSELAGE IS MADE FROM $\frac{1}{8}$ " FLAT PINE. SHAPE FUSELAGE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS AND SAND TO FAMILIAR CROSS SECTIONS. NOTE THE SLOT IN THE FUSELAGE TO HOUSE THE WING. SAND THE FUSELAGE WELL AND REPEAT THE FINISHING PROCEDURE.

CEMENT WING AND STABILIZER TO THE FUSELAGE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS. CHECK PERFECT ALIGNMENT! CEMENT THE RUDDER IN PLACE AND SET IT FOR A SLIGHT RIGHT TURN. THE WASH-IN OF THE RIGHT WING WILL PREVENT THE SHIP FROM BANKING TOO STEEPLY. APPLY FOUR COATS OF CEMENT OVER THE WING-FUSELAGE JOINT.

THE GLIDER IS THROWN INTO A SLIGHT RIGHT BANK AND GLIDES TO THE RIGHT. PULL OUT IS AUTOMATIC AND BECAUSE BOTH CLIMB AND GLIDE IS TO THE RIGHT NO ALTITUDE IS LOST. IN TESTING THE GLIDER, MAKE A FEW HORIZONTAL THROWS, GRADUALLY INCREASING THE SPEED. THROW YOUR SHIP INTO THE WIND AND START RUNNING DOWNWIND.

JUNIOR FLYING CORPS MEMBERSHIP LIST!

HERE'S HOW TO JOIN: WRITE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AND AGE ON A PENNY POSTCARD OR LETTER AND MAIL IT TO JUNIOR FLYING CORPS, M.L.J. PUBLICATIONS, 241 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK CITY - THEN WATCH BLACK HOOD COMICS FOR YOUR NAME ON THE MEMBERSHIP LIST -

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MYRON LEVY, 330 KENRIDGE RD., LAWRENCE, N.Y.

SALLY LEVY, 330 KENRIDGE RD., LAWRENCE, N.Y.

KENNETH COLEMAN, OXFORD, MISS.

BRUCE WORTHLEY, 23 SCHOOL ST., S. BERWICK, ME.

FRANK ENDRES, 707 ELM ST., PAWNEE, OKLA.

JOHN CHANDLER, BOX 711, KOSCIUSKO, MISS.

BOB WEATHERLY, 207 BOUCHIER ST., BENETSVILLE, S.C.

DOYLE HLOTT, MAIN ST., SENECA, S.C.

JIMMIE HLOTT, MAIN ST., SENECA, S.C.

DALE MILLER, 226-16th AVE., COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.

DONALD FRY, 1937 PARK PLACE, WITCHITA, KAN.

BOBBY WHITAKER, M^cDANIELS, KY.

JOHN KLEIN, 94-14 170 ST., JAMAICA, N.Y.

JIMMY ROBINSON, BOX 496, CHECO, TEXAS

PHILIP HETU, 153 HORTON ST., LEWISTON, ME.

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JACK WINTER, 9 ORCHARD DR., HERRIN, ILL.

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JIM DOWNS, 514 MORRIS ST., ODENSBURG, N.J.

DONALD GLASSGALL, 47 GIRARD PL., N.J.

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GOFREDO LARDIEU, 36 GARSIDE ST., NEWARK, N.J.

VIRGINIA CONKLIN, 1315 10th ST., UNION CITY, N.J.

BILLY COOK, GROVE, OKLA.

ELWIN COOK, GROVE, OKLA.

EUGENE YOUNG, RUSH CITY, MINN.

ROBERT CARSON, 1703 WOOD AVE., LINDEN, N.J.

NORMAN LE BLANC, 126 PLEASANT ST., GARDNER, MASS.

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PAUL COFFMAN, R.D.2, WAYNESBORO, PA.

KEITH JONES, ROBERTS, IDAHO

PAUL WILMOTH, BOX 330, MESQUITE, TEXAS

HELLO, FOLKS!
I'M POGO THE
CLOWN!



I'VE JUST
FIGURED
OUT A NEW
TRICK TO
AMUSE
YOU!

IN
**POGO'S
LAST TRICK**

IT'S A VERY,
VERY FUNNY
TRICK!

SO FUNNY,
IN FACT
IT KILLED
ME!

By CLOTH

OUR STORY OPENS IN ONE OF THE DRESSING ROOMS OF THE CIRCUS VISITING NORTHVILLE



HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT, MCGINTY!

YEAR, KID! STABBED IN THE BACK!



YOU'RE THE OWNER OF THIS CIRCUS. KNOW ANYBODY WHO DIDNT LIKE POGO!

WELL, I HATE TO SAY THIS SERGEANT!



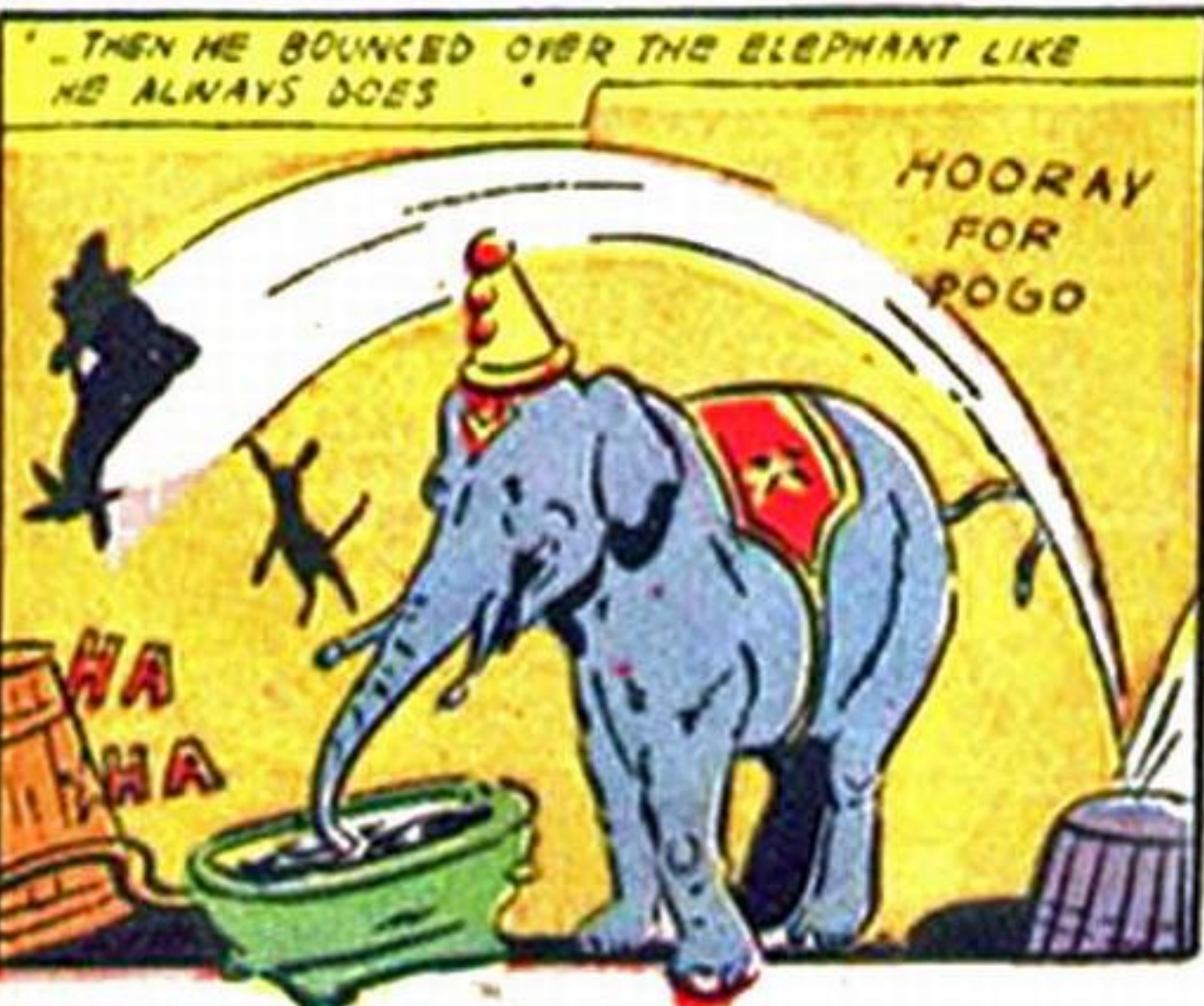
- BUT THAT KNIFE BELONGS TO STILETTO, OUR KNIFE-THROWING ARTIST!



STILETTO HATED POGO- AND MADE NO BONES ABOUT IT! IN FACT JUST TONIGHT, POGO NEARLY RUINED STILETTO'S ACT BY ACCIDENT!

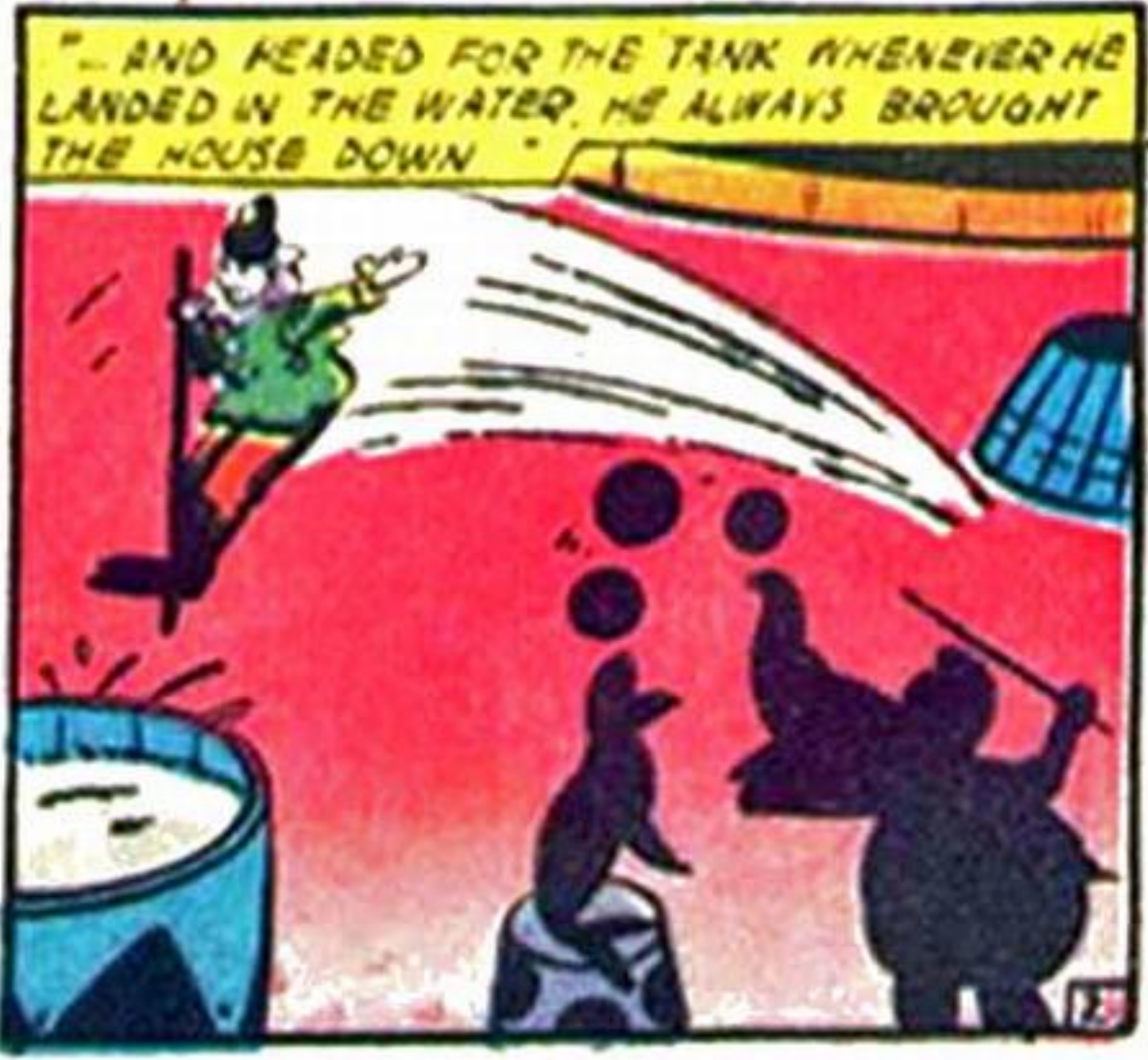


"POGO CAME BOUNCING OUT ON HIS POGO STICK IN HIS USUAL ACT!"



... THEN HE BOUNCED OVER THE ELEPHANT LIKE HE ALWAYS DOES

HOORAY FOR POGO



... AND HEADED FOR THE TANK WHENEVER HE LANDED IN THE WATER, HE ALWAYS BROUGHT THE HOUSE DOWN

"BUT HE MUST HAVE MISJUDGED THIS TIME. HE SAILED RIGHT OVER THE TANK..."



"... AND SLAMMED INTO STILETTO, WHO WAS DOING HIS KNIFE THROWING ACT JUST THEN."



"... STILETTO WENT NUTS AND KAYOED POGO."



"THE CROWD THOUGHT IT WAS A NEW ACT AND WENT WILD."



BUT I STILL CAN'T SEE WHY STILETTO'D WANT TO DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS?



AND YOU SAY YOU HAD TO BREAK THE LOCK TO GET IN HERE, MR. LUKE?

YEAH! IT WUZ LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE!



THAT TRANSOM IS THE ONLY OPENING IN THIS ROOM, SARGE!

THAT MEANS THE KNIFE HAD TO COME THROUGH THERE!





AN STILETTO'S ROOM IS ON THE OTHER SIDE! OKAY, GET 'IM, MOVAHAN!

RIGHT, SARGE!



THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS THAT'S STILL SCREWY, SARGE!

CUT IT OUT, KILL YA KID? IT'S AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE AGAINST STILETTO!



IT'S A FRAME-UP! I DIDN'T KILL POGO!



OH, NO! WHY DID YOU HATE HIM?

THAT'S MY BUSINESS!



IS THAT YOUR KNIFE, STILETTO?

SURE! BUT SOMEBODY STOLE IT, FROM ME!



A LIKELY STORY!

NO HARM IN CHECKING ON THAT, SARGE...



... BY THE VERY SIMPLE FINGERPRINT TEST. PRESS HERE, STILETTO!



... NOW DOWN ON THIS SHEET OF PAPER, THERE THAT DOES IT!



NOW, I'LL JUST SPRINKLE SOME FINGER-PRINT POWDER ON THE KNIFE...



THEY'RE THE SAME, SARGE, AND NO OTHER PRINTS ON IT!

THAT CLINCHES IT! STILETTO, I ARREST YOU FOR THE MURDER OF POGO THE CLOWN!



SAY, I JUST NOTICED SOMETHING ELSE, SARGE!



YOU'RE NOT HANGING THIS RAP ON ME!

HEY, PUT THAT KNIFE DOWN!



SNAP



HE CUT MY SUSPENDERS. GET 'IM, MEN!

STILETTO! STOP!



MONAHAN! YOU TAKE THAT SIDE! I'LL LOOK FOR HIM HERE!

RIGHT, BURLAND! HE CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN VERY FAR!



KIP BURLAND SHEDS HIS UNIFORM TO BECOME...

THE BLACK HOOD NOW GOES TO WORK!



WHAT'S THAT! I THOUGHT I SAW A FIGURE DODGE BEHIND THAT TENT?



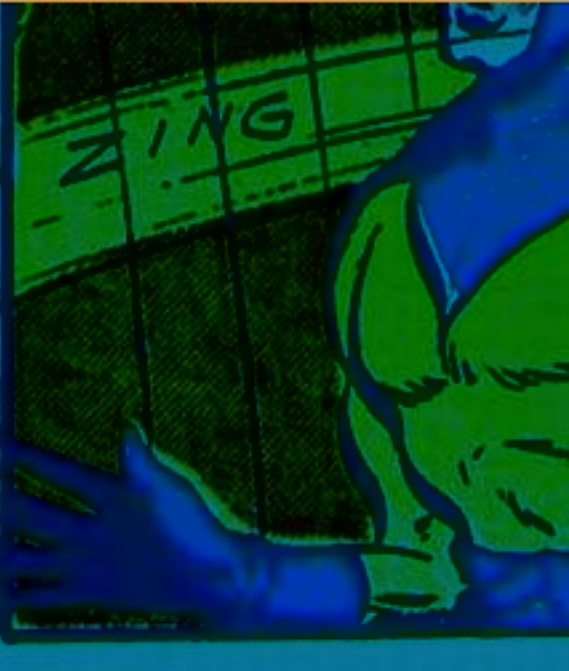
SUDDENLY...



HOLY SMOKES! STILETTO'S GOT ME CORNERED!



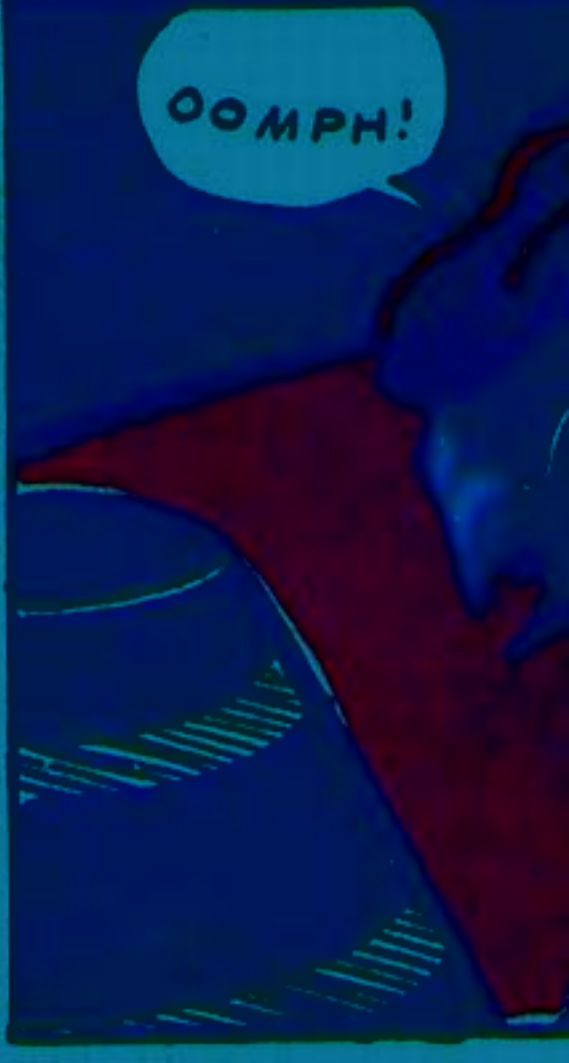
SO YOU'RE AFTER ME TOO, BLACK HOOD. WELL, UNLESS YOU LISTEN TO ME, I'LL PUT A KNIFE THROUGH YOUR HEART!



VERY HANDY THROWING, STILETTO!



BUT I CAN DO SOME THROWING MYSELF!



OOMPH!



ONCE AGAIN, STILETTO FLIPS A MURDEROUS BLADE! BUT THE HOOD DUCKS AND THE KNIFE WHIZZES INTO THE LION CAGE!



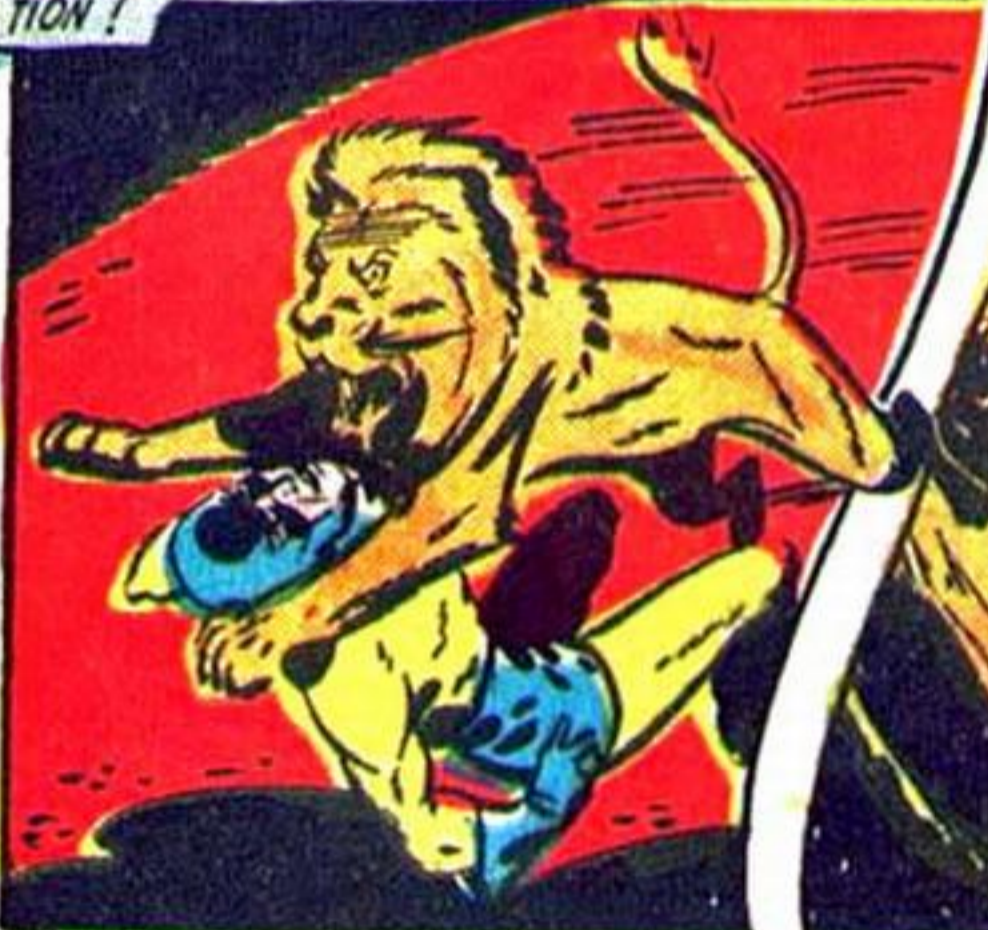


NOW TO GET BACK INTO MY COP'S UNIFORM AND GET HIM BACK TO MCGINTY!



GREAT BALLS OF FIRE! THE LION'S BROKEN OUT OF ITS CAGE!

SNARLING WITH PAIN AND FURY BECAUSE OF THE KNIFE IN HIS PAW, THE LION HURTTLES AT THE HOOD-A ROARING AVALANCHE OF DESTRUCTION!



UGH.. CAN'T HOLD HIM OFF.. MUCH... LONGER!



WHEW! YOU SAVED MY SKIN THAT TIME, STILETTO!

YES! I'M A FOOL, I SUPPOSE! BUT... BUT... I'M THROUGH RUNNING AWAY. I'M GOING TO GIVE MYSELF UP!

YOU NEVER DID A SMARTER THING IN YOUR LIFE, STILETTO. PATROLMAN KIP BURLAND HAS QUITE A SURPRISE FOR YOU AND SERGEANT MCGINTY!

OH, OH, HERE COMES MONAHAN! TIME FOR THE HOOD TO RETIRE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER



OH THERE YE ARE, KIP! MONAHAN CAUGHT THE KILLER!

YOU MEAN HE CAUGHT STILETTO DON'T YOU SARGE!



THAT'S WHAT I SAID- STILETTO, THE MURDERER!

I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO SHATTER YOUR BEAUTIFUL OPEN AND SHUT CASE, SARGE...



... BUT STILETTO DID NOT KILL POGO, THE CLOWN!

WHAT!



THAT'S RIGHT! I WAS ABOUT TO TELL YOU WHAT I'D DISCOVERED WHEN STILETTO MADE A BREAK!



IF YOU'LL FETCH ME A DUMMY, MR. LUKE, I'LL SHOW YOU WHO KILLED POGO!

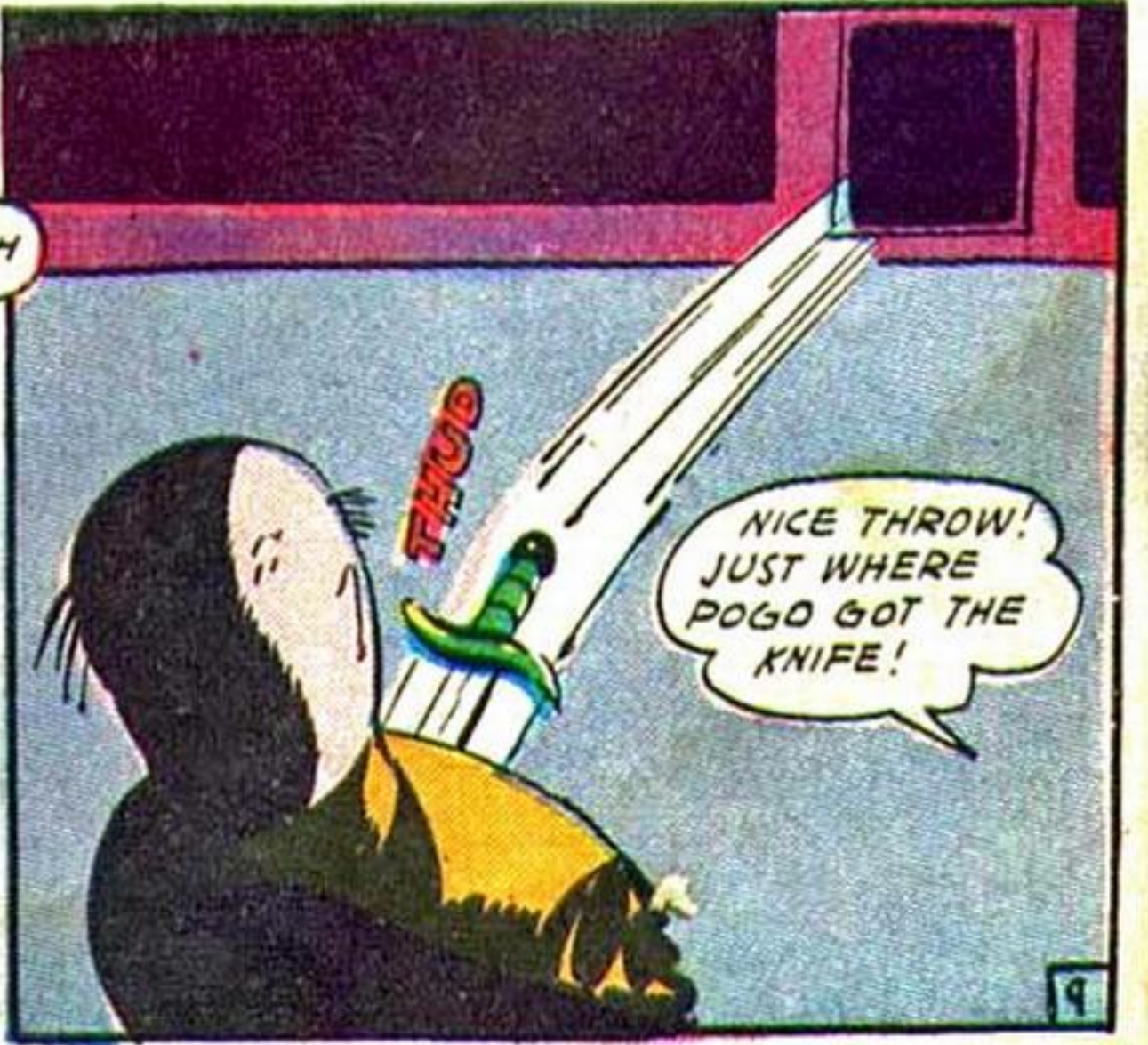
SURE, PATROLMAN BURLAND! BUT I DON'T SEE WHO ELSE COULDA DONE IT!



KIP! WHAT KINDA HORSE PLAY IS THIS?

YOU'LL SEE, SARGE. FIRST I'LL PUT THIS DUMMY WHERE POGO MUST HAVE STOOD BEFORE HE DIED!

NEXT, I WANT STILETTO TO GO INTO THE NEXT ROOM AND THROW THE KNIFE THROUGH THE TRANSOM!



NICE THROW! JUST WHERE POGO GOT THE KNIFE!

BUT NOTICE THAT THE KNIFE ENTERS THE BACK **SLANTING DOWNWARD** WHEN FLUNG THROUGH THE TRANSOM!



YET THE KNIFE ENTERED POGO'S BACK IN A **STRAIGHT LINE**-AN OBVIOUS IMPOSSIBILITY IF STILETTO THREW IT THROUGH THE TRANSOM!



THERE'S THE NOTCH HE CUT INTO THE WALL TO HOLD THE KNIFE IN PLACE WHILE HE FELL AGAINST IT!

I ALSO DISCOVERED THAT POGO HATED STILETTO BECAUSE THEY WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH THE SAME WOMAN!

BUT WHO DID KILL POGO, THEN? IT WUZ STILETTO'S KNIFE, AND...



SURE! THE KNIFE POGO STOLE WHEN HE "ACCIDENTALLY" FELL ON STILETTO DURING HIS ACT... **POGO KILLED HIMSELF, SARGE!**



POGO LIVED LIKE A CLOWN-AND DECIDED TO DIE LIKE ONE.HE FIGURED ON TAKING HIS HATED RIVAL WITH HIM IN HIS OWN INIMITABLE WAY- AND **ALMOST DID!**



HELLO, FOLKS! HERE I AM AGAIN-YOUR OLD FRIEND **POGO!**

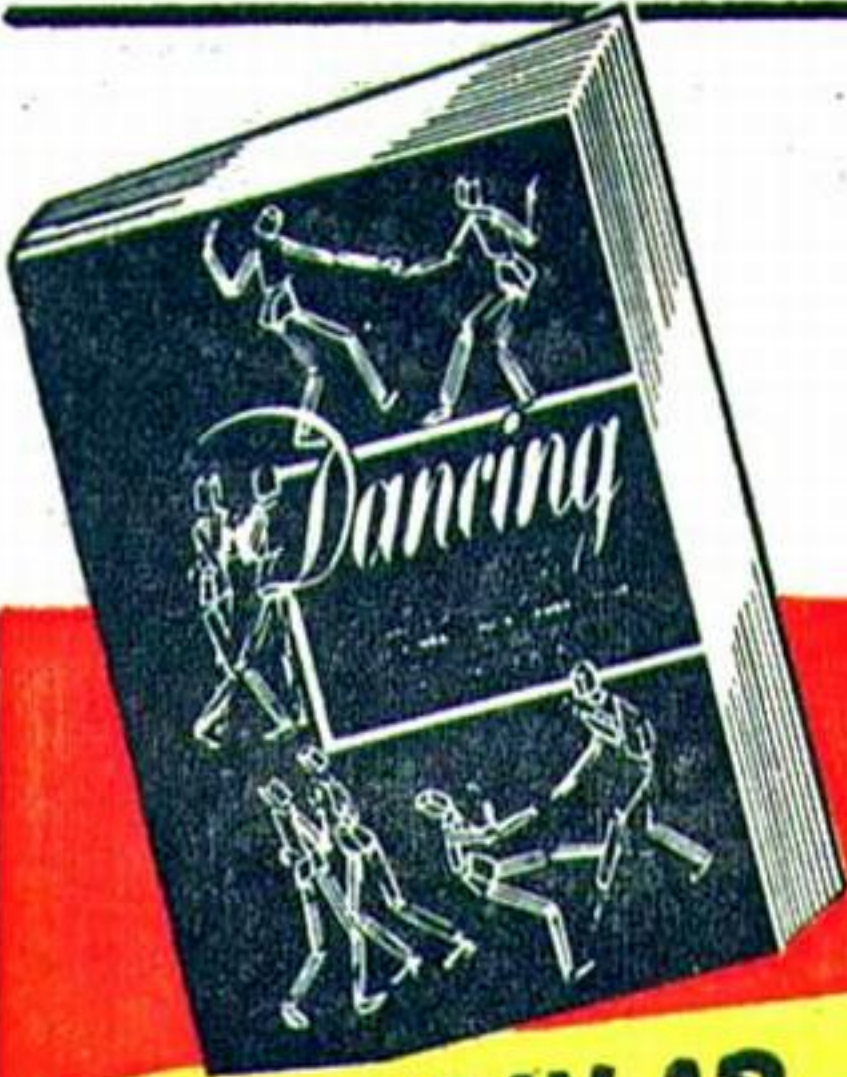


CAN'T HANG AROUND ANY LONGER. I'M QUITE DEAD YOU KNOW!



GUESS THE LAST LAUGH WAS ON ME AFTER ALL! SO LONG EVERY BODY!





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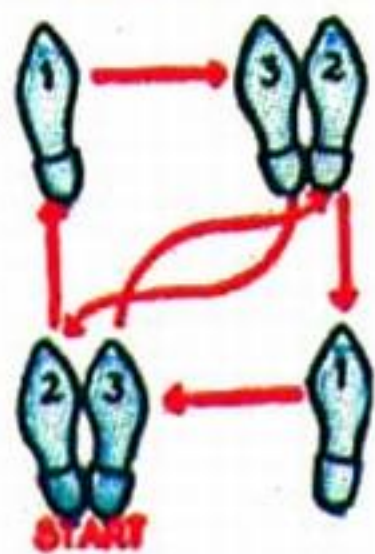


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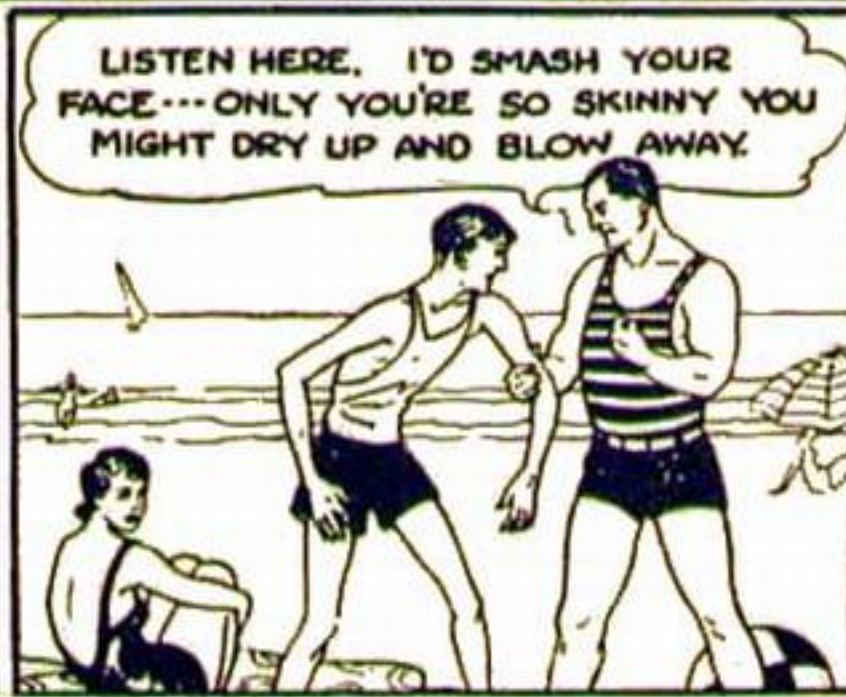
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HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



HEY! QUIT KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES!

THAT MAN IS THE WORST NUISANCE ON THE BEACH



LISTEN HERE, I'D SMASH YOUR FACE... ONLY YOU'RE SO SKINNY YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY.

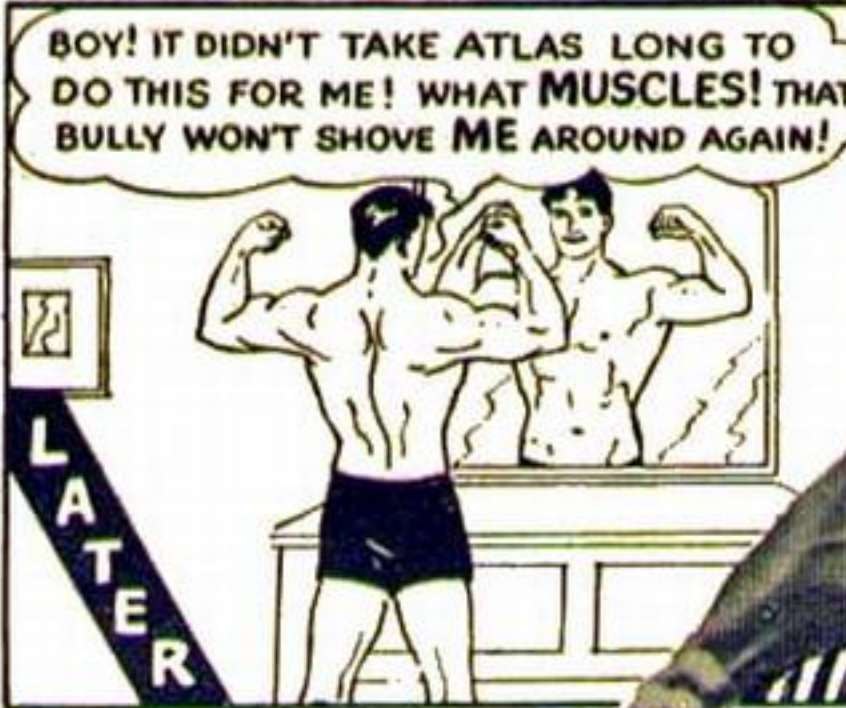


THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY

OH DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU LITTLE BOY!



DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. ALL RIGHT! I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!



BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! THAT BULLY WON'T SHOVE ME AROUND AGAIN!

LATER



WHAT! YOU HERE AGAIN? HERE'S SOMETHING I OWE YOU!

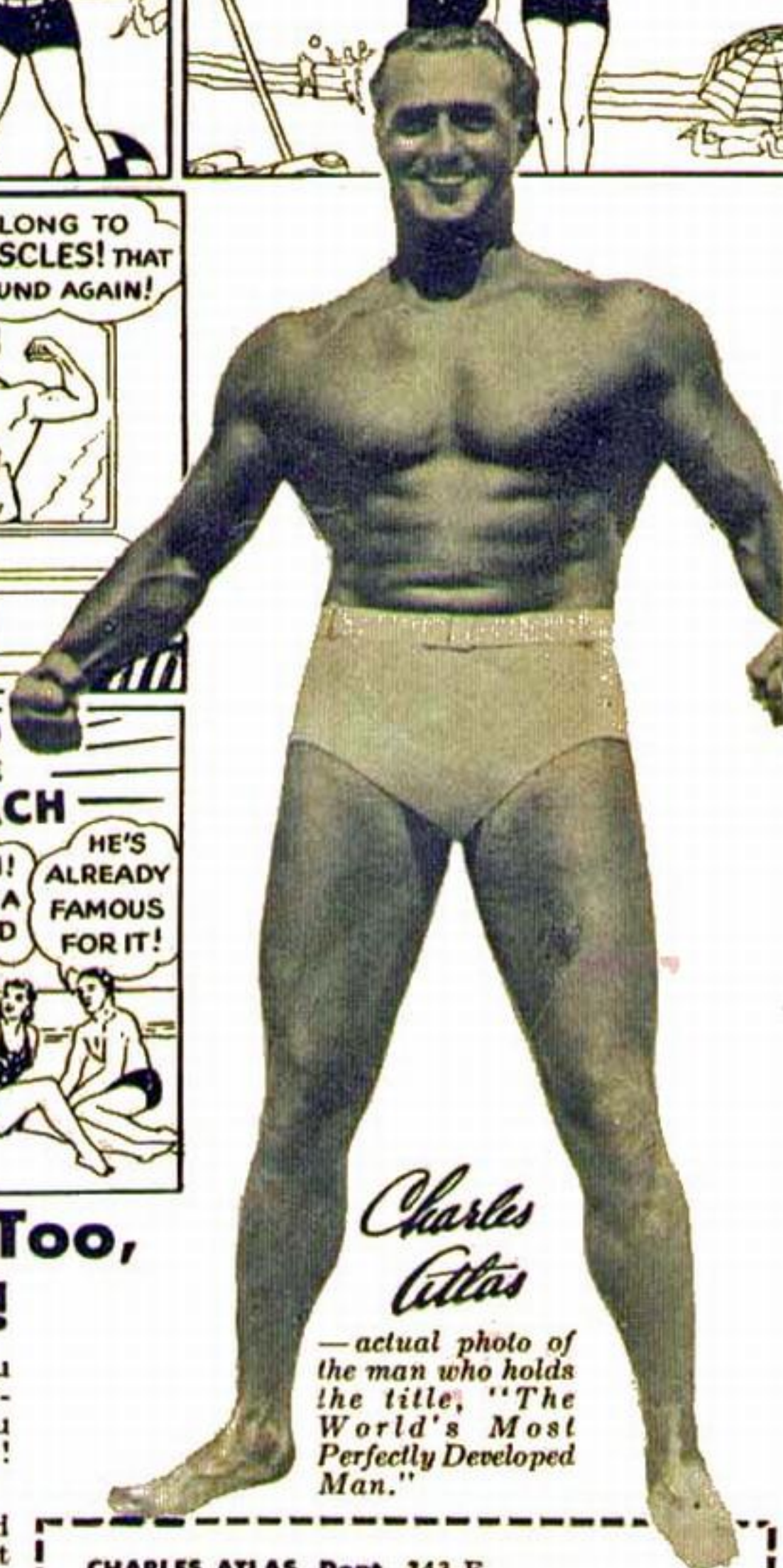


OH, JOE! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!

HERO OF THE BEACH

GOSH! WHAT A BUILD

HE'S ALREADY FAMOUS FOR IT!



Charles Atlas

— actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

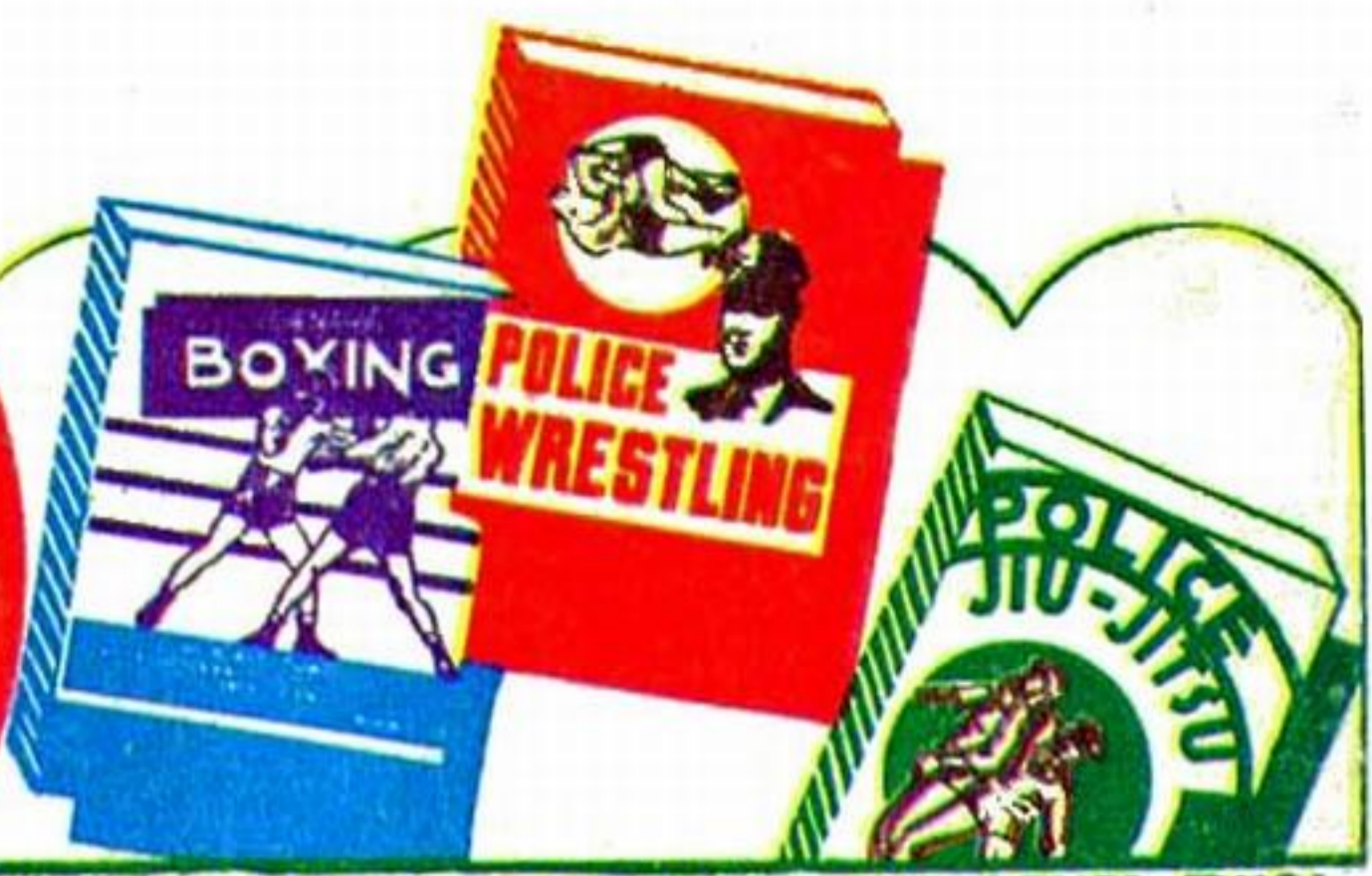
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